No. 19.] [MAY.] Price 1s.

THE VIRGINIANS

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

Author of "Esmond,"
"Vanity Fair,"
"The Newcomes,"
&c. &c.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.
1859.

☞ The Author reserves the right of Translation.

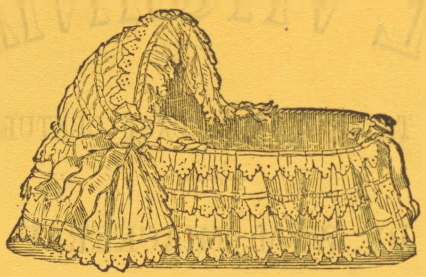
CHRISTENING-ROBES FOR PRESENTS,

2½ GUINEAS.

BABIES'

HOODS,

½ GUINEA.



BABIES'

CLOAKS,

1 GUINEA.

BABIES' BERCEAU-NETTES, 2½ GUINEAS.

Baby Linen, in Complete Sets, of Varied Qualities.
All the beautiful Materials
used in the business
Sold by the Yard.

MARRIAGE OUTFITS COMPLETE.

Everything necessary for the "Trousseau,"
as well as the inexpensive things required for the
"Indian Voyage."
White Dressing Gowns, 1 Guinea;
Cotton Hosiery, 2s. 6d.;
Patent Corsets, 16s. 6d.;
Real Balbriggan Hosiery.
THIS PART OF THE BUSINESS UNDER THE
MANAGEMENT OF MRS. TAYLOR.

LADIES' RIDING TROUSERS,

Chamois Leather, with Black Feet.

Waterproof Riding Talma, 1½ Guinea.
Young Gentlemen's Superfine Cloth Jackets, 35s.;
School ditto, 25s.
Young Gentlemen's Shirts, 5s. 6d.
Naval Cadets' Outfits, complete.

RIDING HABITS, 5½ TO 8 GUINEAS.

Linsey Riding Habits
for little Girls,
2½ Guineas.

Everything of the Superior Excellence for which the House has been celebrated for Thirty Years.

53, BAKER STREET.

W. G. TAYLOR.

Supplied by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

BOOKS FOR THE SEASON,

ON

GARDENING, BOTANY, NATURAL HISTORY,

&c. &c.

HOW TO LAY OUT A GARDEN.

Intended as a General Guide in Choosing, Forming, and Improving an Estate (from a quarter of an acre to a hundred acres in extent), with reference to both Design and Execution, by Edward Kemp, *Second Edition, greatly enlarged*, Illustrated with numerous Plans, Sections, and Sketches of Gardens and Garden Objects, crown 8vo, cloth gilt. 12s.

LOUDON'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF GARDENING.

Comprising the Theory and Practice of Horticulture, Floriculture, Arboriculture, and Landscape Gardening, with many hundred Engravings on Wood, *New Edition*, 8vo, cloth. 31s. 6d.

M'INTOSH'S (CHARLES) BOOK OF THE GARDEN.

In Two large Vols. royal 8vo, embellished with 1353 Engravings.

Each Volume may be had separately, viz.,—

ARCHITECTURAL AND ORNAMENTAL GARDENING. £2, 10s.

PRACTICAL GARDENING. £1 : 17 : 6.

MRS LOUDON'S LADIES' COMPANION TO THE FLOWER GARDEN.

Being an Alphabetical Arrangement of all the Ornamental Plants usually Grown in Gardens and Shrubberies, with full Directions for their Culture, *Seventh Edition, revised*, fcap, cloth gilt. 7s.

THE KITCHEN AND FLOWER GARDEN.

By E. S. Delamer, Illustrated, fcap 8vo, cloth. 2s. 6d.

GLENNY'S POPULAR WORKS ON GARDENING—

THE GARDENER'S EVERY DAY BOOK, crown 8vo, cloth. 5s.

MANUAL OF PRACTICAL GARDENING, crown 8vo, cloth. 5s.

PROPERTIES OF FLOWERS, crown 8vo, limp cloth. 1s.

HANDY BOOK ON GARDENING, & GOLDEN RULES, fcap, limp. 1s.

CULTURE OF FLOWERS, in Monthly Parts, crown 8vo. 6d. each.

CULTURE OF FRUITS AND VEGETABLES, in Monthly Parts. 6d. ea.

GARDENING FOR THE MILLION, AND AMATEUR'S AND COTTAGER'S GUIDE, demy 18mo, cloth limp. 6d.

CHOICE GARDEN FLOWERS:

Their Cultivation and General Treatment in all Seasons, with Coloured Illustrations by Jas. Andrews, fcap 8vo, cl. gt. 3s. 6d.

Wholesale Agent—JOHN MENZIES, Edinburgh.

Supplied by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

HANDBOOK OF GARDENING.
12mo, cloth limp. 2s.

JOHNSON'S COTTAGE GARDENER'S DICTIONARY.
Describing the Plants, Fruits, and Vegetables desirable for the Garden, and Explaining the Terms and Operations employed in their Cultivation, *Third Edition*, crown 8vo, cloth. 8s. 6d.

MRS LOUDON'S MY OWN GARDEN;
Or, The Young Gardener's Year Book, Illustrated, square 12mo, cloth. 2s. 6d.

THE GARDEN MANUAL.
By the Editors of "The Cottage Gardener," 12mo, cloth. 1s. 6d.

LINDLEY'S VEGETABLE KINGDOM;
Or, The Structure, Classification, and Uses of Plants, Illustrated upon the Natural System, with upwards of Five Hundred Illustrations, *Third Edition*, 8vo, cloth. 36s.

LINDLEY'S SCHOOL BOTANY AND VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.
With more than Four Hundred Illustrations, 8vo. 5s. 6d.

LINDLEY'S ELEMENTS OF BOTANY,
STRUCTURAL AND PHYSIOLOGICAL, with Illustrative Glossary, 8vo, cloth. 12s.

PAXTON'S POCKET BOTANICAL DICTIONARY.
Comprising the Names, History, and Culture of all Plants known in Great Britain, 12mo, cloth gilt. 16s.

OUTLINES OF BOTANY.
By Dr Scoffern, in "Cassell's Educational Course," with Engravings, 8vo, cloth. 2s. 6d.

STRUCTURAL AND SYSTEMATIC BOTANY.
Being an Arrangement of Plants, forming a Basis for the Study of Botany, either on the Linnæan or Natural Systems, with numerous Illustrations, by Edward Smith, M.D., L.L.B., &c., crown 8vo, cloth. 2s.

SCOTT'S FIRST BOOKS ON SCIENCE—
BRITISH PLANTS, by R. D. Hoblyn, A.M. 1s.
BOTANY, with 117 Illustrative Figures, by R. D. Hoblyn, A.M. 1s.

WILD FLOWERS: HOW TO SEE AND HOW TO GATHER THEM.
By Dr Spencer Thomson, with Illustrations by Noel Humphreys, fcap 8vo, fancy boards. 2s.
Do. do. Coloured Illustrations, cloth gilt. 3s. 6d.

THE BRITISH FERNS POPULARLY DESCRIBED.
By George W. Johnson, Editor of "The Cottage Gardener," Illustrated by Engravings of every Species, *Third Edition*, fcap, cloth gilt. 3s. 6d.

Wholesale Agent—JOHN MENZIES, Edinburgh.

Supplied by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

A PLAIN AND EASY ACCOUNT OF THE BRITISH FERNS.

With a Glossary of Technical and other Terms, serving as a Key to larger Treatises, with Illustrations. Plain. 2s. 6d.

Do. do. Coloured, 4s.

POPULAR NATURAL HISTORIES (REEVE'S),

With Coloured Plates, now publishing at 7s. 6d. each.

CONTENTS OF THE SERIES.

1. British Birds' Eggs, by R. Laishley.
2. History of British Crustacea, by Adam White, F.L.S.
3. Popular Greenhouse Botany, by Agnes Catlow.
4. Popular Field Botany, by Agnes Catlow.
5. Popular Geography of Plants, Edited by Dr Daubeny.
6. History of British Mosses, by R. M. Stark.
7. History of Palms, by Dr B. Seemann, F.L.S.
8. History of British Seaweeds, by Dr Landsborough.
9. Popular British Conchology, by G. B. Sowerby, F.L.S.
10. Popular British Ornithology, by P. H. Gosse.
11. History of the Mammalia, by Adam White, F.L.S.
12. Popular Mineralogy, by Henry Sowerby.
13. History of the Aquarium, by H. G. Sowerby, F.L.S.
14. History of Mollusca, by Mary Roberts.
15. Popular Garden Botany, by Agnes Catlow.
16. Popular Economic Botany, by T. C. Archer.
17. History of British Ferns, by T. Moore, F.L.S.
18. History of British Lichens, by W. L. Lindsay, M.D.
19. Popular Physical Geology, by J. B. Jukes, F.R.S.
20. History of Zoophytes, by Dr Landsborough.
21. Popular British Entomology, by Maria E. Catlow.
22. Popular History of Birds, by Adam White, F.L.S.
23. Popular Scripture Zoology, by Maria E. Catlow.
24. The Woodlands, by Mary Roberts.

WOOD'S COMMON OBJECTS OF THE SEA SHORE.

Including Hints for an Aquarium, *with Coloured Illustrations*, fcap 8vo, cloth gilt. 3s. 6d.

WOOD'S COMMON OBJECTS OF THE COUNTRY.

With *Coloured Illustrations*, fcap 8vo, cloth gilt. 3s. 6d.

OUR WOODLANDS, HEATHS, AND HEDGES.

By W. S. Coleman, with Coloured Illustrations, fcap 8vo, cloth gilt. 3s. 6d.

DALLAS' NATURAL HISTORY OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

Being a Systematic and Popular Description of the Habits, Structure, and Classification of Animals, arranged according to their Organization, profusely Illustrated, post 8vo, cloth. 8s. 6d.

WOOD'S NATURAL HISTORY.

Containing nearly 500 Illustrations by Harvey, post 8vo, cl. 6s.

Wholesale Agent—JOHN MENZIES, Edinburgh.

Supplied by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

BOOKS FOR THE COUNTRY.

New Volume—

OUR WOODLANDS, HEATHS, AND HEDGES, (a Companion to "Wood's Country Objects,") by W. S. COLEMAN, Illustrated by the Author, boards. 1s.

THE COMMON OBJECTS OF THE SEA SHORE, fancy boards. 1s.

THE COMMON OBJECTS OF THE COUNTRY, fancy boards. 1s.

In limp cloth, fcap 8vo, with Illustrations. 1s. each:—

ANGLING, AND WHERE TO GO.
BEES.
CAGE AND SINGING BIRDS.
CATTLE.
FARM AND GARDEN PRODUCE.
PIGEONS AND RABBITS.
POULTRY.
RURAL ECONOMY.
SHEEP.
SHOOTING.
SMALL FARMS.
THE KITCHEN GARDEN.
THE HOME GARDEN.
THE HORSE.

FLAX AND HEMP. 2s.

SIBSON'S AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY. 1s. 6d.

OUR FARM OF FOUR ACRES,
AND THE MONEY WE MADE BY IT, small 8vo. 4s.

DOYLE'S RURAL ECONOMY,
For Cottage Farmers and Gardeners, fcap, cloth boards. 2s.

FOR FARMERS AND COUNTRY GENTLEMEN:—

STEPHENS' BOOK OF THE FARM.
A *New Edition*, in 2 vols. royal 8vo, with upwards of 600 Illustrations. £3.

STEPHENS' BOOK OF FARM IMPLEMENTS AND MACHINES.
With upwards of 700 Illustrations, royal 8vo, bound. £2, 2s.

MECHI'S HOW TO FARM PROFITABLY.
With Illustrations, fcap 8vo, boards. 2s.—Half-bound, 2s. 6d.

DOYLE'S ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF DOMESTIC POULTRY.
With Coloured Engravings, crown 8vo, half-bound. 5s.

RHAM'S DICTIONARY OF THE FARM.
A *New Edition*, entirely revised and re-edited, with Supplementary Matter by W. & H. Raynbird, post 8vo, half-bound. 5s.

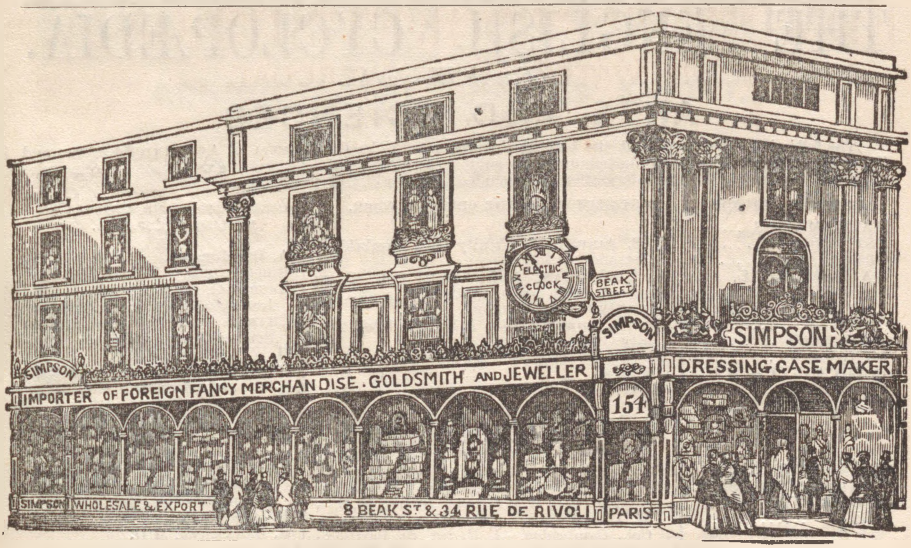
STONEHENGE'S BRITISH RURAL SPORTS.
With Engravings, half-bound. 10s. 6d.

SCRUTATOR'S TREATISE ON HORSES AND HOUNDS.
To which is added, Rarey's Art of Taming Wild Horses, Illustrated, post 8vo, half-bound. 5s.

MAYHEW ON DOGS: THEIR MANAGEMENT, &c.
Being a New Plan of Treating the Animal, based upon a Consideration of his Natural Temperament, with Illustrations, post 8vo, half-bound. 5s.

Wholesale Agent—JOHN MENZIES, Edinburgh.

VIRGINIANS ADVERTISER.



T. A. SIMPSON & CO.

54, REGENT STREET, AND 8, BEAK STREET.

WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

T. A. SIMPSON & CO., Goldsmiths, Jewellers, Watch and Clock Manufacturers, and Importers of every description of Fancy Novelties and Articles of Vertù and Utility, respectfully inform their Patrons, and the Public generally, that they are constantly receiving from their agents at Paris, Vienna, and Frankfort, every novelty in fancy manufactures as soon as produced, and as the greater portion of T. A. S. & Co.'s stock is manufactured expressly for them, their selection is unrivalled.

For the guidance of those who may be unable to honour their establishment with a visit, T. A. S. & Co. submit the following limited quotation from their Stock, assuring them that any commands intrusted to their care will meet with their best and prompt attention:—

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
French Drawing-room Clocks, from	2	2	0	to 50	0	0
French Dining-room Clocks ... ,,	1	5	0	,, 20	0	0
Ladies' Gold Watches ... ,,	4	4	0	,, 50	0	0
Silver Watches ... ,,	2	10	0	,, 20	0	0
Gold Guard Chains ... ,,	2	2	0	,, 18	0	0
Gold Albert Chains ... ,,	1	15	0	,, 18	0	0
Silver-mounted Smelling Bottles ,,	0	2	6	,, 5	10	0
Gold-mounted ditto ... ,,	2	10	0	,, 12	10	0
Gold and Enamel Lockets ... ,,	0	10	0	,, 15	0	0
Gold Necklet Chains, with pendants ... ,,	2	5	0	,, 50	0	0
Gold and Silver Pencil-cases ... ,,	0	2	6	,, 8	10	0
Full Dress and other Fans ... ,,	0	1	0	,, 10	0	0
Ladies' Dressing-cases, electro-plated ... ,,	1	10	0	,, 15	0	0
Ladies' Dressing-cases, silver-fitted ... ,,	5	10	0	,, 100	0	0
Gentlemen's Dressing-cases ... ,,	1	0	0	,, 50	0	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Work-boxes, in choice woods, from	0	8	6	to 10	0	0
Writing-desks, ditto ... ,,	0	10	6	,, 15	0	0
Jewel-cases and Caskets ... ,,	1	1	0	,, 30	0	0
Envelope cases and Blotters ... ,,	1	8	0	,, 10	0	0
Letter-weighers (Simpson's) ... ,,	0	8	6	,, 6	10	0
Walnut-wood Inkstands ... ,,	0	8	6	,, 16	10	0
Morocco Carriage Bags ... ,,	0	10	0	,, 10	0	0
Ladies' Morocco Bags, fitted with every requisite for dressing, writing, and working ... ,,	3	10	0	,, 65	0	0
Gentlemen's Dressing Bags ... ,,	3	15	0	,, 45	0	0
Opera-glasses ... ,,	0	10	6	,, 12	10	0
Bronze and Ormolu Candlesticks ... ,,	0	5	0	,, 9	10	0
Ditto Candelabra ... ,,	3	0	0	,, 35	0	0
Ormolu Card-trays ... ,,	0	7	6	,, 4	10	0
Ormolu Mounted Vases ... ,,	0	6	6	,, 10	0	0
Bagatelle Boards ... ,,	2	0	0	,, 20	0	0

Gold, Silver, Jet, and Gilt Bracelets, Brooches, Rings, Necklets, Lockets, Earrings, Studs, Pins, and every description of Jewellery, at moderate prices. Bronzes, Porcelains, Ormolu Table Ornaments, Inkstands, Card-trays, Candelabra, Tazzas, Tapers, Match-boxes, Miniature Frames for the Table, Opera-glasses, Toilet-bottles and Cases, Letter-clips, Trinket-boxes, Ring-stands, Watch-stands, Pen-trays, Glove and Netting-boxes, Paper-knives, Carriage-bags, Reticules, Portmonnaies, Chess and Backgammon-boards, Card-cases, Vinaigrettes, Fuzee-cases, Fruit-knives, Hand-screens, &c., &c., and a large Stock of other Articles suitable for Presents, but too various to enumerate.

T. A. Simpson & Co. invite particular attention to their Self-closing Bookslide, the ends of which spring together when any book is released; price from 18s. 6d. to £6 10s.—Also to their application of the new Algerine wood, "Thuya Impériale," to the manufacture of Envelope-cases, Blotting-books, Inkstands, Work-boxes, &c. &c. This wood is of the most beautiful figure, surpassing even tortoiseshell or the choicest Walnut Wood, and has been extensively used in fitting up the Boudoir of the Empress Eugénie at St. Cloud.

T. A. SIMPSON & Co.,

154, Regent Street, and 8, Beak Street, London, and at 34, Rue de Rivoli, Paris.

Publishing in Monthly Parts, Twenty-four in number, price 2s. 6d. each, and in Volumes, Six in number, at intervals of four months (the First Volume, price 12s., will be published early in May),

THE ENGLISH CYCLOPÆDIA.

(Fourth Division.)

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

The following list will exhibit the leading departments of the CYCLOPÆDIA of ARTS AND SCIESCES; and the names of some of the new Contributors are subjoined; others will be added. This Division also includes all branches of miscellaneous information not included in either of the other three.

PRINCIPAL SUBJECTS.	CONTRIBUTORS TO THE ORIGINAL WORK.	CONTRIBUTORS AND REVISERS—ENGLISH CYCLOPÆDIA.
MATHEMATICS	G. B. AIRY, A.M., Trinity Col., Cambridge, Astronomer Royal.	A. DE MORGAN.
ASTRONOMY	A. DE MORGAN, A.M., Trinity Col., Cambridge, Professor of Mathematics at University College, London.	ROBERT GRANT, M.A., F.R.A.S.
OPTICS.....	REV. R. SHEEPSHANKS, A.M. (the late), Trinity Col., Cambridge.	GEORGE G. STOKES, A.M., F.R.S., Lucasian Professor, Cambridge.
MATHEMATICAL, ASTRONOMICAL, AND OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS.....	REV. R. MURPHY (the late), Caius Col., Cambridge.	CHARLES TOMLINSON, Lecturer on Science, King's College.
ACOUSTICS	A. Ross.	E. W. BRAYLEY, F.R.S.
DYNAMICS		ROBERT WILLIS, A.M., F.R.S., Jacksonian Professor, Cambridge.
ELECTRICITY — MAGNETISM		
METEOROLOGY		
CHEMISTRY	DR. DAY.—R. PHILLIPS, F.R.S. (the late).—W. BALEY, M.D.—DR. BECKER (the late), of Berlin.—G. BUDD, M.D.—R. DICKSON, M.D.—DR. GREENHILL, Trinity Col., Oxford.—C. J. JOHNSTONE, M.D. (the late).—J. SIMON, M.D.—T. SOUTHWOOD SMITH, M.D.—W. COULSON.—J. FARISH, A.M., Trinity Col., Cambridge.—J. PAGET, St. Bartholomew's Hospital.—W. YOUATT (the late), Veterinary Surgeon.	E. FRANKLAND, Ph.D., F.R.S., Lecturer on Chemistry, St. Bartholomew's Hospital.
MATERIA MEDICA, MEDICINE, SURGERY		R. DICKSON, M.D.
		E. LANKESTER, M.D.
FINE ARTS, SCULPTURE, PAINTING, ARCHITECTURE, &c.	SIR C. L. EASTLAKE, President of Royal Academy.—R. FORD.—SIR EDMUND HEAD.—H. HOWARD, R.A. (the late), Professor of Painting, Royal Academy.—R. WESTMACOTT, R.A.—R. N. WORNUM, Keeper and Secretary of the National Gallery.—W. HOSKING, Professor of Architecture at King's College.—W. H. LEEDS.—W. AYRTON, F.R.S., F.S.A. (the late).	G. R. BURNELL, C.E.
BUILDING AND ENGINEERING		JAMES THORNE (Fine Arts).
MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS		
NAVIGATION AND MILITARY SCIENCES	PROFESSOR DAVIES, Woolwich.	CAPTAIN DONNELLY, R.E.
	HON. CAPTAIN DEVEREUX, R.N.	S. M. SAXBY, R.N.
	J. NARRIEN, Professor of Mathematics, Royal Military College, Sandhurst.	
	MAJOR PROCTER, Royal Military College, Sandhurst.	
RURAL ECONOMY ..	REV. W. HICKEY.	J. CHALMERS MORTON.
	REV. W. L. RHAM (the late), Vicar of Winkfield.	
MANUFACTURES AND MACHINERY	T. BRADLEY, Professor of Geometrical Drawing, Woolwich, and King's College, London.—EDWARD COWPER (the late), Professor of Manufacturing Art and Machinery, King's College, London.—G. DODD.—E. NORRIS, Royal Asiatic Society.—A. ROSS.—J. T. STANESBY.—A. URE, M.D., F.R.S. (the late).	G. R. BURNELL, C.E.
		GEORGE DODD.
PHILOLOGY	T. H. KEY, A.M., Trinity Col., Cambridge, Professor of Comparative Grammar at University College, London.—W. D. CHRISTIE, A.M., Trinity Col., Cambridge.—J. HOPPUS, Professor of Mental Philosophy, University College, London.—GEORGE LONG, A.M.—REV. A. J. W. MORRISON, A.M., Trinity Col., Cambridge.—T. E. MAY, Barrister-at-Law, House of Commons.—G. R. PORTER, F.R.S. (the late), Sec. of the Board of Trade.	T. H. KEY.
MENTAL PHILOSOPHY		A. DE MORGAN (Logic).
GOVERNMENT AND POLITICAL ECONOMY		CHARLES KNIGHT (Political Economy).
LAW AND JURISPRUDENCE.....	J. H. BURTON, Advocate, Edinburgh.—B. F. DUPPA (the late), Barrister-at-Law.—T. FALCONER, Barrister-at-Law.—D. JARDINE, A.M., Barrister-at-Law.—GEORGE LONG, A.M.—J. J. LONSDALE, Barrister-at-Law.—MR. SERJEANT MANNING.—J. STARK, Advocate-General of Ceylon.—W. J. TAYLER, A.M., Trinity Col., Cambridge.—G. WILLMORE, A.M. (the late), Trinity Col., Cambridge, Barrister-at-Law.	ROBERT MALCOLM KERR, LL.D., Advocate and Barrister-at-Law.—C. W. GOODWIN, A.M., Barrister-at-Law.—J. T. ABDY, LL.D., Regius Professor of Civil Law, Cambridge.—JAMES E. DAVIS, Barrister-at-Law.—JOHN A. RUSSELL, LL.B., Barrister-at-Law, Professor of English Law in University College, London.—J. C. F. S. DAY, Barrister-at-Law.—ALFRED WADDILOVE, D.C.L., Advocate Doctors' Commons, and Barrister-at-Law.—D. MAC LACHLAN, Barrister-at-Law.—JAMES GRANT, Barrister-at-Law.

LONDON: BRADBURY & EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

THE ENGLISH CYCLOPÆDIA.

(In Four Divisions.)

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

THE FOLLOWING DIVISIONS ARE COMPLETED:—

THE ENGLISH CYCLOPÆDIA OF BIOGRAPHY.

Six Volumes, Price £3; or, in Three Volumes, half-bound morocco, £3 12s.

This Cyclopædia of Biography may, without presumption, be stated to be the most complete Biographical Dictionary extant; unequalled in any language for the universality of its range, its fulness without verbosity, its accuracy, and its completeness to the present time. It possesses the new and important feature of giving notices of living persons, English and foreign, of contemporary celebrity. These notices, and of eminent persons recently deceased, constitute a fourth of the whole work. The Six Volumes contain as much matter as Forty Octavo Volumes, such as those of the "Biographie Universelle;" they exceed in quantity the Thirty-two Volumes of Chalmers' "Biographical Dictionary," and Four of these Volumes are equal in extent to the Twelve Volumes of Rose's "Biographical Dictionary." No work of a similar nature approaches the English Cyclopædia of Biography in cheapness.

THE ENGLISH CYCLOPÆDIA OF GEOGRAPHY.

Four Volumes, price £2 2s.; or, in Two Volumes, half-bound morocco, £2 10s.

In this Cyclopædia, which embraces the physical features of every country, and the statistics of its departments, its cities and marts of commerce, as well as recording its history to the most recent period, the greatest care has been bestowed to give completeness to the valuable articles upon which this new work is founded. That care has not been confined to revision and correction. Many new articles have been introduced, and many of the old ones supplied by others wholly re-written. The fulness and accuracy of the information, thus furnished, render the Cyclopædia of Geography a necessary manual for every library and news-room; not presenting a dry catalogue of names of places, but furnishing notices of general interest, and embracing whatever is new and important in Geographical Science.

THE ENGLISH CYCLOPÆDIA OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Four Volumes, Price £2 2s.; or, in Two Volumes, half-bound morocco, £2 10s.

This department of the Cyclopædia includes the contributions of the most eminent English naturalists. In BOTANY, those of Dr. Lankester, Dr. Lindley, and Dr. Royle; in GEOLOGY, those of Sir Henry de la Beche, Mr. Horner, and Professor Phillips; in MINERALOGY, those of Mr. R. Phillips and Professor W. Turner; in ZOOLOGY, those of Mr. Broderip, Professor Forbes, Mr. Ogilby, and Mr. Waterhouse; in COMPARATIVE ANATOMY and PHYSIOLOGY, those of Mr. Day, Professor Paget, and Dr. Southwood Smith. To the general reader, this Cyclopædia, embracing the most interesting details of natural History, presented in the most attractive form of scientific explanation, and illustrated with many hundred of beautiful wood-engravings, will furnish a most desirable addition to his library. To the medical student the work is indispensable.

LONDON: BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

Now ready, price 1s., No. XL. completing the Fifth Volume, which will be published early in May, of

THE POPULAR HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

THE First portion of this important work, from the Earliest Times to the Revolution of 1688, is complete in Four Volumes, with a copious Index, price 36s.

LORD BROUGHAM.

"THE POPULAR HISTORY OF ENGLAND OF CHARLES KNIGHT is of a somewhat higher price (comparing it with works issuing in penny numbers); but the plates, as well as the paper, are greatly superior, and its literary merits are of a very high order. Indeed, nothing has ever appeared superior, if anything has been published equal to the account of the state of commerce, government, and society at different periods."—*Address on Popular Literature, at the Meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science,* October 12, 1858.

TIMES.

"Thus, by hearty enthusiasm, yet without a particle of bombast; in short, by his genuine sympathy with all of English kind, he (the author) succeeds in arousing the patriot, while he disarms the critic; and we predict that the reception of his book will fully justify its title. His attempt to supply the place of *Hume's History* is in a great measure successful, at least we know to which we ourselves shall henceforth turn by preference."

LONDON: BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

NEW NATURE-PRINTED WORKS.

MESSRS. BRADBURY AND EVANS beg to announce that they are preparing for publication the following Works, all in one uniform large octavo size, in which the objects will be reproduced by the novel and beautiful art of NATURE-PRINTING, as shown in the large folio work on FERNS, published by them, but which is now entirely out of print. The Nature-Printed Illustrations will all be executed by Mr. HENRY BRADBURY.

THE BRITISH SEA-WEEDS.

BY WILLIAM G. JOHNSTONE, ESQ.

This Work will be completed in Four Volumes, price £2 2*s.* each. It will contain 220 Nature-Printed Illustrations, and 960 pages of Descriptive Letter-Press. The First Volume will be published on May 31; and the remaining Volumes at intervals of three months until completion.

THE BRITISH FERNS.

BY THOMAS MOORE, F.L.S., F.H.S., &c.

This work will be completed in Two Volumes, price £2 2*s.* each. The First Volume will be published on the 30th July; and the Second on the 31st October. The Descriptive Letter-Press is the same as that of the folio Edition, with considerable additions; but the Nature-Printed Illustrations, 110 in number, are entirely new.

THE BRITISH MOSSES.

BY GEORGE LAWSON, PH.D.

Late Demonstrator of Botany and Vegetable Histology to the University of Edinburgh, &c., &c.

This Work will form One Volume, containing about 360 pages of Descriptive Letter-Press; and 30 Nature-Printed Plates, representing upwards of 200 species and varieties. It will be ready for publication in December.

*** *Detailed Prospectuses of the above may be had on application to the Publishers. Further particulars of the following will be duly announced.*

THE BRITISH LICHENS.

BY W. LAUDER LINDSAY, M.D.

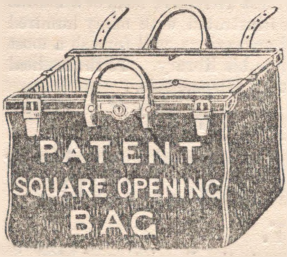
THE TREES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BY PROFESSOR LINDLEY, PH.D., F.R.S., &c.

EXOTIC FERNS.

BY THOMAS MOORE, F.L.S., F.H.S., &c.

BRADBURY & EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.



ALLEN'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

OF

Patent Portmanteaus, Despatch Boxes, Dressing-Cases, Travelling-Bags with Square Opening, and 500 other Articles for Travelling, forwarded by Post for Two Stamps.

J. W. & T. ALLEN, Manufacturers,
18 and 22, Strand.

For Custards, Puddings, &c., preferred to the best Arrowroot, and unequalled as a Diet for Infants and Invalids. The LANCET says, "This is superior to anything of the kind known." — See Reports, also, from Drs. Hassall, Letheby, and Muspratt.

BROWN & POLSON'S

B P
TRADE MARK

PATENT CORN FLOUR.

Sold by Grocers, Chemists, &c., in 4, 8, and 16 oz. packets, 2d., 4d., and 8d.

Paisley, Manchester, Dublin, and 23, Ironmonger-lane, London.

NEW EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

(See Specimens at the Booksellers.)

On the 2nd May will be published the First Volume of

A NEW ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF

THE AUTHOR'S FAVOURITE EDITION,

In 48 Volumes, 12mo. cloth, price 4s. 6d. each, illustrated with 96 Steel Engravings and about 1000 Woodcuts.

PRINTED ON A NEW TYPE, AND IN THE BEST STYLE,

To range with the Complete Works of Sir Walter Scott, combining Legibility, Convenience of Size, and Appropriate Illustration.

The Volumes will be published Monthly, but the printing will be so accelerated, that parties desiring to complete their Sets, will have an opportunity of doing so in Eighteen Months.

EDINBURGH: ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK.

LONDON: HOULSTON AND WRIGHT; AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

PHILLIPSON & Co's NEW PERFUME

"LA DUCHESSE."

The most refreshing and durable of the day: for the Ball-room, indispensable; in the Sick room, invaluable. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*, obtainable of all Chemists and Vendors of Fashionable Perfumery throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies, India, and America, or by letter to the Manufacturers, enclosing Post Office Order or stamps in England, or remittance from abroad. None genuine that has not their *signature* on the label (entered at Stationers' Hall) The POMADE, 3*s.* 6*d.*; the SOAP, 1*s.* 6*d.*; the OIL, 3*s.* 6*d.*; the COSMETIQUE FIXATEUR, 1*s.* and 2*s.*

Ask for PHILLIPSON & Co's, the only genuine.

1, Budge Row, St. Paul's, London, E.C.

To SHIPPERS and those going abroad—Assortments of Perfumery, for EVERY CLIMATE, from £10 to £100, ALWAYS READY. Catalogues free on application.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION

IS PRODUCED BY

GOWLAND'S LOTION.

LADIES exposed to the weather at this variable season, will, immediately on the application of this celebrated Preparation (established 101 years), experience its extraordinary genial qualities. It produces and sustains

GREAT PURITY AND DELICACY OF COMPLEXION,

removes freckles, tan, redness, and pimples, and promotes healthy action, softness, and elasticity of the skin, and is recommended in preference to any other preparation by the Medical Profession.

Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers. Half-pints, 2s. 9d.

CAUTION.—Observe the name of the Proprietor, E. C. BOURNE, 19, Lamb's Conduit-street, engraved on the Government Stamp.

Important to every man who keeps

THORLEY'S FOOD FOR CATTLE,

77, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON.

Beware of spurious imitations.

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS

Another Testimonial in favour of

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.

From Mr. A. Scott, 42, Trongate, Glasgow.—"I am glad to say that the demand for Dr. Locock's Pulmonic Wafers has commenced this season very briskly. I believe I keep in stock every cough medicine which has been advertised, either in time past or present, but there is not one of them which has gained the same popularity as your Wafers. In severe coughs, asthma, and where there is a tendency to consumption, the working classes and others who cannot well afford it, prefer to pay 2s. 9d. for a box of Pulmonic Wafers to boxes of similar size which can be got for a smaller sum. I think this is an unmistakeable proof of their efficacy. A. SCOTT."

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS give instant relief, and a rapid cure of Asthma, Consumption, Coughs, and all disorders of the Breath and Lungs.

To SINGERS and PUBLIC SPEAKERS they are invaluable for clearing and strengthening the voice. They have a pleasant taste. Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. per box. Sold by all Druggists.

THE GENTLEMEN'S REAL HEAD OF HAIR, OR INVISIBLE PERUKE.—The principle upon which this Peruke is made is so superior to everything yet produced, that the Manufacturer invites the honour of a visit from the Sceptic and the Connoisseur, that one may be convinced, and the other gratified, by inspecting this and other novel and beautiful specimens of the Perruquean Art, at the Establishment of the Sole Inventor, F. BROWNE, 47, FENCHURCH STREET.

F. BROWNE'S INFALLIBLE MODE OF MEASURING THE HEAD.

		Inches.	Eighths.
Round the Head in manner of a fillet, leaving the Ears loose	As dotted 1 to 1.		
From the Forehead over to the poll, as deep each way as required	As dotted 2 to 2.		
From one Temple to the other, across the rise or Crown of the Head to where the Hair grows	As marked 3 to 3.		

THE CHARGE FOR THIS UNIQUE HEAD OF HAIR ONLY £1 10*s.*

RIMMEL'S TOILET VINEGAR

Supersedes Eau de Cologne as a Tonic and refreshing Lotion, a reviving Perfume for crowded places, and a powerful disinfectant. Price 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s.

RIMMEL'S JOCKEY CLUB, WOOD VIOLET, ROYAL EXCHANGE BOUQUET, STOCK EXCHANGE BOUQUET, NEW MOWN HAY, &c. are recommended for their sweet and lasting fragrance. Price 1s., 2s. 6d., and upwards.

RIMMEL'S HAIR DYE

Is the only preparation that will give instantaneously a natural and permanent shade to the hair, whiskers, &c. Price 5s. 6d. and 6s.

RIMMEL'S PERFUMED ALMANACK of the Language of Flowers. Price 6d., by post for 7 stamps.

Sold by all Perfumers and Chemists ; and by E. RIMMEL, 96, Strand, and 24, Cornhill, London, and Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

FOR

PUDDINGS, CUSTARDS, BLANCMANGE, &C.,

IS THE

Most delicate preparation known,

AND CAN BE USED

FOR ALL PURPOSES

FOR WHICH THE

Best Arrowroot is applicable.

Established 1847.

KINGSFORD'S OSWEGO PREPARED CORN.

MANUFACTURED AT

OSWEGO,
State of New York.

THIS IS THE

ORIGINAL

AND

ONLY GENUINE ARTICLE

OF THE KIND.

LONDON DEPOT,

EIVES & MACEY

61, King William St., E.C.

LIVERPOOL,

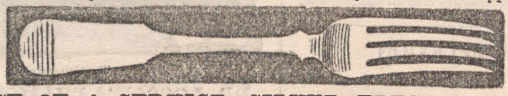
W. BOALER & Co.,

4, Temple Court.

TO BE OBTAINED OF GROCERS, CHEMISTS, &c.

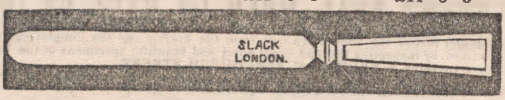
SLACK'S NICKEL ELECTRO-PLATE

Is a coating of Pure Silver over Nickel ; manufactured solely by R. and J. SLACK. It has stood 15 years' test, and still retains its superiority over all others for durability and silver-like appearance.



PRICE OF A SERVICE, SILVER ELECTRO-PLATED.

	Electro-Plated Fiddle Pattern.	Strong Plated Fiddle Pattern.	Thread Pattern.	King's & Thread with Shell.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
12 Table Forks	1 10 0	1 18 0	2 8 0	3 0 0
12 Dessert Forks	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 15 0	2 2 0
12 Table Spoons	1 10 0	1 18 0	2 8 0	3 0 0
12 Dessert Spoons	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 15 0	2 2 0
12 Tea Spoons	0 12 0	0 18 0	1 3 6	1 10 0
4 Salt Spoons	0 6 0	0 6 0	0 8 0	0 12 0
1 Mustard do.	0 1 6	0 1 6	0 2 0	0 3 0
6 Egg do.	0 9 0	0 12 0	0 15 0	0 18 0
1 Gravy Spoon	0 7 6	0 7 6	0 10 0	0 12 6
1 Soup Ladle	0 13 0	0 13 0	0 17 0	0 18 0
1 Fish Knife	0 13 0	0 13 0	0 15 6	0 18 6
1 Butter Knife	0 3 6	0 3 6	0 5 9	0 6 0
2 Sauce Ladles	0 7 0	0 7 0	0 10 0	0 11 0
1 Sugar Sifter	0 4 0	0 4 9	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Sugar Tongs	0 3 0	0 3 6	0 4 6	0 5 0
	£8 19 6	£11 5 9	£14 3 3	£17 5 6



Slack's Warranted Table Cutlery and Furnishing Ironmongery

Has been celebrated for nearly 50 years for QUALITY and CHEAPNESS.

RICHARD and JOHN SLACK solicit an inspection of their extensive Stock of Fenders, Fire Irons, Paper and Japan Tea Trays, Patent Dish Covers, Tea Urns, Baths, and every requisite in Furnishing Ironmongery, which from their simple but satisfactory plan of marking every article at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES consistent with quality, will fully convince Purchasers of the advantage of selecting from their Establishment.

Illustrated Priced Catalogues gratis and Post-free. **Orders above £2 delivered Carriage-free per Rail.**

RICHARD AND JOHN SLACK,

336, STRAND (Opposite Somerset House).

SIXTY YEARS OF SUCCESS

HAVE PROVED BEYOND QUESTION THAT

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

POSSESSES EXTRAORDINARY PROPERTIES FOR PROMOTING THE GROWTH AND IMPROVING AND BEAUTIFYING THE HUMAN HAIR.

Its invaluable properties have obtained the Patronage of Royalty, the Nobility, and the Aristocracy throughout Europe; while its introduction into the Nursery of Royalty, and the high esteem in which it is universally held, with numerous Testimonials constantly received of its efficacy, afford the best and surest proofs of its merits.

Price 3s. 6d. and 7s.; Family Bottles (equal to four small), 10s. 6d.; and double that size, 21s.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR.

This Royally patronised and universally esteemed Specific exerts the most soothing, cooling, and purifying action on the Skin, eradicates Freckles, Tan, Pimples, Spots, Discolorations and other Cutaneous Visitations, and renders the Skin soft, clear, and blooming.—Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.

WHITE AND SOUND TEETH

Are indispensable to PERSONAL ATTRACTION, and to Health and Longevity, by the proper mastication of food.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO,

Or PEARL DENTIFRICE,

Compounded of ORIENTAL INGREDIENTS, is of inestimable value in

IMPROVING AND BEAUTIFYING THE TEETH, STRENGTHENING THE GUMS,

And in Rendering the Breath Sweet and Pure.

It eradicates Tartar from the Teeth, removes spots of incipient decay, and polishes and preserves the enamel, to which it imparts A PEARL-LIKE WHITENESS.—Price 2s. 9d. per box.

CAUTION—The only Genuine of each bears the name of "ROWLANDS" preceding that of the Article on the Wrapper or Label.

*** SOLD BY A. ROWLAND & SONS, 20, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, AND BY CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS!!

TRELOAR'S

COCOA NUT FIBRE MATTING

IS THE BEST.

PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED—LONDON, NEW YORK, AND PARIS.

Catalogues, containing Prices, and every particular, post free.

WAREHOUSE, 42, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

A SAFE AND CERTAIN REMEDY FOR COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, and other Affections of the Throat and Chest. In INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, and WINTER COUGH, they are unfailing. Being free from every hurtful ingredient, they may be taken *by the most delicate female or the youngest child*; while the PUBLIC SPEAKER and PROFESSIONAL SINGER will find them invaluable in allaying the hoarseness and irritation incidental to vocal exertion, and also a powerful auxiliary in the production of MELODIOUS ENUNCIATION.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONIAL TO THE EFFICACY OF KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES IN RELIEVING PULMONARY AFFECTIONS.

Dawlish, Jan. 14, 1858.

SIR,—The very excellent properties of your Lozenges induce me to trouble you with another Testimonial on their behalf. All I can say is, that I have been more or less Consumptive for upwards of three years, and have tried a great number of lozenges to abate the Cough, but from none have I found such relief as from yours—even one of them will check the most violent attack. They are invaluable, and I strongly recommend them to persons suffering from a Cough or Cold on the Chest. Pray make any use of this you please if worth your while.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

To MR. KEATING. ABRAHAM TURNER.

RECENT TESTIMONIAL FROM A LADY.

25, *Bouverie Street, London, March* 31, 1858.

SIR,—I feel much pleasure in informing you of the great benefit I have received from your valuable Cough Lozenges. I have been in the habit of taking them when required, for some years, and can therefore speak confidently as to their efficacy, in my own case, never having found any other remedy for a cough of equal service.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

THOMAS KEATING, Esq. F. NELSON.

Prepared and sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and Tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors in the World.

N.B.—To prevent spurious imitations, please to observe that the words "KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES" are engraven on the Government Stamp of each Box, without which none are genuine.

Removed to 5, Charing Cross.

EDMISTON'S POCKET SIPHONIA,

OR WATERPROOF OVERCOAT.

WEIGHT 10 oz.

Sole Manufacturers of the celebrated Pocket Siphonia, remarkable for its lightness and softness of texture, easily folded to carry in the Pocket or on Saddle; the most *important* feature in this *Waterproofing* consists in its being mineralised, which effectually resists the powerful heat of the sun and the most violent rains, also obviating the stickiness and unpleasant smell peculiar to all other Waterproofs.—Price, according to size, 40s. to 50s.; all silk throughout, 50s. Measurement, length of coat, and size round the chest.

Stout Siphonias, 35s. Leggings, 10s. 6d. Shooting Boots, Fishing-Stockings, Portable folding Baths, Air Beds, Water Beds for Invalids, Pillows, &c. Portable India-rubber Boats, designed expressly for the Indian rivers, to carry one or more persons, weighing from 10 to 40 lbs. Price £7 10s., £10 10s., and £18 18s., folding in a compass of 3 feet.

NOTICE.—NAME & ADDRESS STAMPED INSIDE. NONE OTHERS ARE GENUINE.

EDMISTON & SON, 5, CHARING CROSS.

LATE 69, STRAND.

PARASOLS,

THE Style and Fashion of Parasols having undergone a complete change during the last few years,

W. AND J. SANGSTER,

Have manufactured for the present season an unusual variety, comprising, among others, the following, viz :—

The EMPRESS . . .	for the Carriage or Fête.
„ SULTANA . . .	ditto.
„ PERSIAN . . .	ditto.
„ IRISH LACE . .	ditto.
„ CHINA CRAPE .	ditto.
„ BROCADED LYONS SILKS	ditto.
„ MOIRE ANTIQUE	for Walking.
„ GLACÉ	ditto.

SUN SHADES in Silk as well as Alpaca, of various colours.

140, REGENT STREET; 75, CHEAPSIDE;
94, FLEET STREET; 10, ROYAL EXCHANGE.

A Great Lady

Master Miles Warrington

CHAPTER XXIV.

(FROM THE WARRINGTON MS.) IN WHICH MY LADY IS ON THE TOP OF THE LADDER.

LOOKING across the fire, towards *her* accustomed chair, who has been the beloved partner of my hearth during the last half of my life, I often ask (for middle-aged gentlemen have the privilege of repeating their jokes, their questions, their stories) whether two young people ever were more foolish and imprudent than we were, when we married, as we did, in the year of the old King's death? My son, who has taken some prodigious leaps in the heat of his fox-hunting, says he surveys the gaps and rivers which he crossed so safely over, with terror afterwards, and astonishment at his own fool-hardiness in making such desperate ventures; and yet there is no more eager sportsman in the two counties than Miles. He loves his amusement so much that he cares for no other. He has broken his collar-bone, and had a hundred tumbles (to his mother's terror); but so has his father (thinking, perhaps, of a copy of verse, or his speech at Quarter Sessions) been thrown over his old mare's head, who has slipped on a stone, as they were both dreaming along a park road at four miles an hour; and Miles's reckless sport has been the delight of his life, as my marriage has been the blessing of mine; and I never think of it but to thank Heaven. Mind, I don't set up my worship as an example: I don't say to all young folks, "Go and marry upon twopence a-year;" or people would look very black at me at our vestry-meetings; but my wife is known to be a desperate match-maker; and when Hodge and Susan appear in my justice-room with a talk of allowance, we urge

them to spend their halfcrown a-week at home, add a little contribution of our own, and send for the vicar.

Now, when I ask a question of my dear oracle, I know what the answer will be; and hence, no doubt, the reason why I so often consult her. I have but to wear a particular expression of face, and my Diana takes her reflection from it. Suppose I say, "My dear, don't you think the moon was made of cream-cheese to-night?" She will say, "Well, papa, it did look very like cream-cheese, indeed—there's nobody like you for droll similes." Or, suppose I say, "My love, Mr. Pitt's speech was very fine, but I don't think he is equal to what I remember his father." "Nobody was equal to my Lord Chatham," says my wife. And then one of the girls cries, "Why I have often heard our Papa say, Lord Chatham was a charlatan!" On which Mama says, "How like she is to her aunt Hetty!"

As for Miles, *Tros Tyriusve* is all one to him. He only reads the sporting announcements in the Norwich paper. So long as there is good scent, he does not care about the state of the country. I believe the rascal has never read my poems, much more my tragedies (for I mentioned Pocahontas to him the other day, and the dunce thought she was a river in Virginia); and with respect to my Latin verses, how can he understand them, when I know he can't construe Corderius? Why this note-book lies publicly on the little table at my corner of the fireside, and anyone may read in it who will take the trouble of lifting my spectacles off the cover: but Miles never hath. I insert in the loose pages caricatures of Miles: jokes against him: but he never knows nor heeds them. Only once, in place of a neat drawing of mine, in China-ink, representing Miles asleep after dinner, and which my friend Bunbury would not disown, I found a rude picture of myself going over my mare Sultana's head, and entitled "The Squire on Horseback, or Fish out of Water." And the fellow to roar with laughter, and all the girls to titter, when I came upon the page! My wife said she never was in such a fright as when I went to my book: but I can bear a joke against myself, and have heard many, though (strange to say for one who has lived among some of the chief wits of the age) I never heard a good one in my life. Never mind, Miles, though thou art not a wit, I love thee none the worse (there never was any love lost between two wits in a family); though thou hast no great beauty, thy mother thinks thee as handsome as Apollo, or His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who was born in the very same year with thee. Indeed, she always thinks Coates's picture of the Prince is very like her eldest boy, and has the print in her dressing-room to this very day. *

* Note, in a female hand: "My son is *not a spendthrift*, nor a *breaker of women's hearts*, as *some* gentlemen are; but that he was *exceeding like* H.R.H. when they were both babies, *is most certain*, the Duchess of Ancaster *having herself remarked* him in St. James's Park, where Gumbo and my poor Molly used often to take him for an airing. Th. W."

In that same year, with what different prospects! my Lord Esmond, Lord Castlewood's son, likewise appeared to adorn the world. My Lord C. and his humble servant had already come to a coolness at that time, and, Heaven knows! my honest Miles's godmother, at his entrance into life, brought no gold pap-boats to his christening! Matters have mended since, *Laus Deo*—Laus Deo, indeed! for I suspect neither Miles nor his father would ever have been able to do much for themselves, and by their own wits.

Castlewood House has quite a different face now from that venerable one which it wore in the days of my youth, when it was covered with the wrinkles of time, the scars of old wars, the cracks and blemishes which years had marked on its hoary features. I love best to remember it in its old shape, as I saw it when young Mr. George Warrington went down at the owner's invitation, to be present at his lordship's marriage with Miss Lydia Van den Bosch—"an American lady of noble family of Holland," as the county paper announced her ladyship to be. Then the towers stood as Warrington's grandfather the Colonel (the Marquis, as Madam Esmond would like to call her father) had seen them. The woods (thinned not a little to be sure) stood, nay, some of the self-same rooks may have cawed over them, which the Colonel had seen three-score years back. His picture hung in the hall, which might have been his, had he not preferred love and gratitude to wealth and worldly honour; and Mr. George Esmond Warrington (that is, Egomet Ipse who write this page down), as he walked the old place, pacing the long corridors, the smooth dew-spangled terraces, and cool darkling avenues, felt awhile as if he was one of Mr. Walpole's cavaliers with ruff, rapier, buff-coat and gorget, and as if an Old Pretender, or a Jesuit emissary in disguise, might appear from behind any tall tree-trunk round about the mansion, or antique carved cupboard within it. I had the strangest, saddest, pleasantest, old-world fancies as I walked the place; I imagined tragedies, intrigues, serenades, escaladoes, Oliver's Roundheads battering the towers, or bluff Hal's Beefeaters pricking over the plain before the castle. I was then courting a certain young lady (Madam, your ladyship's eyes had no need of spectacles then, and on the brow above them there was never a wrinkle or a silver hair), and I remember I wrote a ream of romantic description, under my Lord Castlewood's franks, to the lady who never tired of reading my letters then. She says I only send her three lines now, when I am away in London or elsewhere. 'Tis that I may not fatigue your old eyes, my dear!

Mr. Warrington thought himself authorised to order a genteel new suit of clothes for my lord's marriage, and with Mons. Gumbo in attendance, made his appearance at Castlewood a few days before the ceremony. I may mention that it had been found expedient to send my faithful Sady home on board a Virginia ship. A great inflammation attacking the throat and lungs, and proving fatal in very many

cases, in that year of Wolfe's expedition, had seized and well nigh killed my poor lad, for whom his native air was pronounced to be the best cure. We parted with an abundance of tears, and Gumbo shed as many when his master went to Quebec: but he had attractions in this country and none for the military life, so he remained attached to my service. We found Castlewood House full of friends, relations, and visitors. Lady Fanny was there upon compulsion, a sulky bridesmaid. Some of the virgins of the neighbourhood also attended the young Countess. A bishop's widow herself, the Baroness Beatrix brought a holy brother-in-law of the bench from London to tie the holy knot of matrimony between Eugene Earl of Castlewood and Lydia Van den Bosch, spinster; and for some time before and after the nuptials the old house in Hampshire wore an appearance of gaiety to which it had long been unaccustomed. The country families came gladly to pay their compliments to the newly-married couple. The lady's wealth was the subject of everybody's talk, and no doubt did not decrease in the telling. Those naughty stories which were rife in town, and spread by her disappointed suitors there, took some little time to travel into Hampshire; and when they reached the country found it disposed to treat Lord Castlewood's wife with civility, and not inclined to be too curious about her behaviour in town. Suppose she had jilted this man, and laughed at the other? It was her money they were anxious about, and she was no more mercenary than they. The Hampshire folks were determined that it was a great benefit to the country to have Castlewood House once more open, with beer in the cellars, horses in the stables, and spits turning before the kitchen fires. The new lady took her place with great dignity, and 'twas certain she had uncommon accomplishments and wit. Was it not written, in the marriage advertisements, that her ladyship brought her noble husband seventy thousand pounds? *On a beaucoup d'esprit* with seventy thousand pounds. The Hampshire people said this was only a small portion of her wealth. When the grandfather should fall, ever so many plums would be found on that old tree.

That quiet old man, and keen reckoner, began quickly to put the dilapidated Castlewood accounts in order, of which long neglect, poverty, and improvidence had hastened the ruin. The business of the old gentleman's life now, and for some time henceforth, was to advance, improve, mend my lord's finances; to screw the rents up where practicable; to pare the expenses of the establishment down. He could, somehow, look to every yard of worsted-lace on the footmen's coats, and every pound of beef that went to their dinner. A watchful old eye noted every flagon of beer which was fetched from the buttery, and marked that no waste occurred in the larder. The people were fewer, but more regularly paid; the liveries were not so ragged, and yet the tailor had no need to dun for his money; the gardeners and grooms grumbled, though their wages were no longer overdue: but the horses fattened on less corn, and the fruit and vegetables were ever so

much more plentiful—so keenly did my lady's old grandfather keep a watch over the household affairs, from his lonely little chamber in the turret.

These improvements, though here told in a paragraph or two, were the affairs of months and years at Castlewood; where, with thrift, order, and judicious outlay of money (however, upon some pressing occasions, my lord might say he had none) the estate and household increased in prosperity. That it was a flourishing and economical household no one could deny: not even the dowager lady and her two children, who now seldom entered within Castlewood gates, my lady considering them in the light of enemies—for who, indeed, would like a step-mother-in-law? The little reigning Countess gave the dowager battle, and routed her utterly and speedily. Though educated in the colonies, and ignorant of polite life during her early years, the Countess Lydia had a power of language and a strength of will that all had to acknowledge who quarrelled with her. The dowager and my Lady Fanny were no match for the young American: they fled from before her to their jointure house in Kensington, and no wonder their absence was not regretted by my lord, who was in the habit of regretting no one whose back was turned. Could Cousin Warrington, whose hand his lordship pressed so affectionately on coming and parting, with whom Cousin Eugene was so gay and frank and pleasant when they were together, expect or hope that his lordship would grieve at his departure, at his death, at any misfortune which could happen to him, or any souls alive? Cousin Warrington knew better. Always of a sceptical turn, Mr. W. took a grim delight in watching the peculiarities of his neighbours, and could like this one even though he had no courage and no heart. Courage? Heart? What are these to you and me in the world? A man may have private virtues as he may have half a million in the funds. What we *du monde* expect is, that he should be lively, agreeable, keep a decent figure, and pay his way. Colonel Esmond, Warrington's grandfather (in whose history and dwelling-place Mr. W. took an extraordinary interest), might once have been owner of this house of Castlewood, and of the titles which belonged to its possessor. The gentlemen often looked at the Colonel's grave picture as it still hung in the saloon, a copy or *replica* of which piece Mr. Warrington fondly remembered in Virginia.

"He must have been a little touched here," my lord said, tapping his own tall, placid forehead.

There are certain actions simple and common with some men, which others cannot understand, and deny as utter lies, or deride as acts of madness.

"I do you the justice to think, cousin," says Mr. Warrington to his lordship, "that you would not give up any advantage for any friend in the world."

"Eh! I am selfish: but am I more selfish than the rest of the world?" asks my lord, with a French shrug of his shoulders, and a

pinch out of his box. Once, in their walks in the fields, his lordship happening to wear a fine scarlet coat, a cow ran towards him ; and the ordinarily languid nobleman sprang over a style with the agility of a schoolboy. He did not conceal his tremor, or his natural want of courage. "I dare say you respect me no more than I respect myself, George," he would say, in his candid way, and begin a very pleasant sardonical discourse upon the fall of man, and his faults, and shortcomings ; and wonder why Heaven had not made us all brave and tall, and handsome, and rich? As for Mr. Warrington, who very likely loved to be king of his company (as some people do), he could not help liking this kinsman of his, so witty, graceful, polished, high-placed in the world—so utterly his inferior. Like the animal in Mr. Sterne's famous book, "Do not beat me," his lordship's look seemed to say, "but, if you will, you may." No man, save a bully and coward himself, deals hardly with a creature so spiritless.

CHAPTER XXV.

WE KEEP CHRISTMAS AT CASTLEWOOD. 1759.

WE know, my dear children, from our favourite fairy story-books, how at all christenings and marriages some one is invariably disappointed, and vows vengeance; and so need not wonder that good cousin Will should curse and rage energetically at the news of his brother's engagement with the colonial heiress. At first, Will fled the house, in his wrath, swearing he would never return. But nobody, including the swearer, believed much in Master Will's oaths; and this unrepentant prodigal, after a day or two, came back to the paternal house. The fumes of the marriage feast allured him: he could not afford to resign his knife and fork at Castlewood table. He returned, and drank and ate there in token of revenge. He pledged the young bride in a bumper, and drank perdition to her under his breath. He made responses of smothered maledictions as her father gave her away in the chapel and my lord vowed to love, honour, and cherish her. He was not the only grumbler respecting that marriage, as Mr. Warrington knew: he heard, then and afterwards, no end of abuse of my lady and her grandfather. The old gentleman's city friends, his legal adviser, the Dissenting clergyman at whose chapel they attended on their first arrival in England, and poor Jack Lambert, the orthodox young divine, whose eloquence he had fondly hoped had been exerted over her in private, were bitter against the little lady's treachery, and each had a story to tell of his having been enslaved, encouraged, jilted, by the young American. The lawyer, who had had such an accurate list of all her properties, estates, moneys, slaves, ships, expectations, was ready to

vow and swear that he believed the whole account was false; that there was no such place as New York or Virginia; or at any rate, that Mr. Van den Bosch had no land there; that there was no such thing as a Guinea trade, and that the negroes were so many black falsehoods invented by the wily old planter. The Dissenting Pastor moaned over his stray lambling—if such a little, wily, mischievous monster could be called a lamb at all. Poor Jack Lambert ruefully acknowledged to his mamma the possession of a lock of black hair, which he bedewed with tears and apostrophised in quite unclerical language: and, as for Mr. William Esmond, he, with the shrieks and curses in which he always freely indulged, even at Castlewood, under his sister-in-law's own pretty little nose, when under any strong emotion, called Acheron to witness, that out of that region there did not exist such an artful young devil as Miss Lydia. He swore that she was an infernal female Cerberus, and called down all the wrath of this world and the next upon his swindling rascal of a brother, who had cajoled him with fair words, and filched his prize from him.

"Why," says Mr. Warrington (when Will expatiated on these matters with him), "if the girl is such a she-devil as you describe her, you are all the better for losing her. If she intends to deceive her husband, and to give him a dose of poison, as you say, how lucky for you, you are not the man! You ought to thank the gods, Will, instead of cursing them for robbing you of such a fury, and can't be better revenged on Castlewood than by allowing him her sole possession."

"All this was very well," Will Esmond said; but—not unjustly, perhaps,—remarked that his brother was not the less a scoundrel for having cheated him out of the fortune which he expected to get, and which he had risked his life to win, too.

George Warrington was at a loss to know how his cousin had been made so to risk his precious existence (for which, perhaps, a rope's-end had been a fitting termination), on which Will Esmond, with the utmost candour, told his kinsman how the little *Cerbera* had actually caused the meeting between them, which was interrupted somehow by Sir John Fielding's men; how she was always saying that George Warrington was a coward for ever sneering at Mr. Will, and the latter doubly a poltroon for not taking notice of his kinsman's taunts; how George had run away and nearly died of fright in Braddock's expedition; and "Deuce take me," says Will, "I never was more surprised, cousin, than when you stood to your ground so coolly in Tottenham-Court-Fields yonder, for me and my second offered to wager that you would never come!"

Mr. Warrington laughed, and thanked Mr. Will for this opinion of him.

"Though," says he, "cousin, 'twas lucky for me the constables came up, or you would have whipped your sword through my body in another minute. Didn't you see how clumsy I was as I stood before you? And you actually turned white and shook with anger!"

"Yes, curse me," says Mr. Will (who turned very red this time), "that's

my way of showing my rage; and I was confoundedly angry with you, cousin! But now 'tis my brother I hate, and that little devil of a countess—a countess! a pretty countess, indeed!" And, with another rumbling cannonade of oaths, Will saluted the reigning member of his family.

"Well, cousin," says George, looking him queerly in the face, "you let me off easily, and, I dare say, I owe my life to you, or at any rate a whole waistcoat, and I admire your forbearance and spirit. What a pity that a courage like yours should be wasted as a mere court usher! You are a loss to his Majesty's army. You positively are!"

"I never know whether you are joking or serious, Mr. Warrington," growls Will.

"I should think very few gentlemen would dare to joke with *you*, cousin, if they had a regard for their own lives or ears!" cries Mr. Warrington, who loved this grave way of dealing with his noble kinsman, and used to watch, with a droll interest, the other choking his curses, grinding his teeth because afraid to bite, and smothering his cowardly anger.

"And you should moderate your expressions, cousin, regarding the dear countess and my lord, your brother," Mr. Warrington resumed. "Of you they always speak most tenderly. Her ladyship has told me everything."

"What *everything?*" cries Will, aghast.

"As much as women ever *do* tell, cousin. She owned that she thought you had been a little *épris* with her. What woman can help liking a man who has admired her?"

"Why she hates you, and says you were wild about her, Mr. Warrington!" says Mr. Esmond.

"*Spretæ injuria formæ*, cousin!"

"For me,—what's for me?" asks the other.

"I never did care for her, and hence, perhaps, she does not love me. Don't you remember that case of the wife of the Captain of the Guard?"

"Which Guard?" asks Will.

"My Lord Potiphar," says Mr. Warrington.

"Lord Who? My Lord Falmouth is Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, and my Lord Berkeley of the Pensioners. My Lord Hobart had 'em before. Suppose you haven't been long enough in England to know who's who, cousin!" remarks Mr. William.

But Mr. Warrington explained that he was speaking of a Captain of the Guard of the King of Egypt, whose wife had persecuted one Joseph for not returning her affection for him. On which Will said that, as for Egypt, he believed it was a confounded long way off, and that, if Lord Whatdyecall's wife told lies about him, it was like her sex, who he supposed were the same everywhere.

Now the truth is, that when he paid his marriage visit to Castlewood, Mr. Warrington had heard from the little countess her version of the story of differences between Will Esmond and herself. And this tale differed, in some respects, though he is far from saying it is more authentic than the ingenuous narrative of Mr. Will. The lady was

grieved to think how she had been deceived in her brother-in-law. She feared that his life about the Court and town had injured those high principles which all the Esmonds are known to be born with; that Mr. Will's words were not altogether to be trusted; that a loose life and pecuniary difficulties had made him mercenary, blunted his honour, perhaps even impaired the high chivalrous courage "which we Esmonds, cousin," the little lady said, tossing her head, "which we Esmonds most always possess—leastways, you and me, and my lord, and my cousin Harry have it, I know!" says the Countess. "O, cousin George! and must I confess that I was led to doubt of yours, without which a man of ancient and noble family like ours isn't worthy to be called a man! I shall try, George, as a Christian lady, and the head of one of the first families in this kingdom and the whole world, to forgive my brother William for having spoke ill of a member of our family, though a younger branch and by the female side, and made me for a moment doubt of you. He did so. Perhaps he told me ever so many bad things you had said of me."

"I, my dear lady!" cries Mr. Warrington.

"Which he *said* you said of me, cousin, and I hope you didn't, and heartily pray you didn't; and I can afford to despise 'em. And he paid me his court, that's a fact; and so have others, and that I'm used to; and he might have prospered better than he did perhaps (for I did not know my dear lord, nor come to vally his great and eminent qualities, as I do out of the fulness of this grateful heart now!), but, O! I found William was deficient in courage, and no man as wants that can ever have the esteem of Lydia Countess of Castlewood, no more he can! He said 'twas you that wanted for spirit, cousin, and angered me by telling me that you was always abusing of me. But I forgive you, George, that I do! And when I tell you that it was he was afraid—the mean skunk!—and actually sent for them constables to prevent the match between you and he, you won't wonder I wouldn't vally a feller like that—no, not that much!" and her ladyship snapped her little fingers. "I say, *noblesse oblige*, and a man of our family who hasn't got courage, I don't care not this pinch of snuff for him—there, now, I don't! Look at our ancestors, George, round these walls! Haven't the Esmonds always fought for their country and king? Is there one of us that, when the moment arrives, ain't ready to show that he's an Esmond and a nobleman? If my eldest son was to show the white feather, 'My Lord Esmond!' I would say to him (for that's the second title in our family), 'I disown your lordship!'" And so saying, the intrepid little woman looked round at her ancestors, whose effigies, depicted by Lely and Kneller, figured round the walls of her drawing-room at Castlewood.

Over that apartment, and the whole house, domain, and village, the new countess speedily began to rule with an unlimited sway. It was surprising how quickly she learned the ways of command; and, if she did not adopt those methods of precedence usual in England among great ladies, invented regulations for herself, and promulgated them,

and made others submit. Having been bred a Dissenter, and not being over familiar with the Established Church service, Mr. Warrington remarked that she made a blunder or two during the office (not knowing, for example, when she was to turn her face towards the east, a custom not adopted, I believe, in other Reforming churches besides the English); but between Warrington's first bridal visit to Castlewood and his second, my lady had got to be quite perfect in that part of her duty, and sailed into chapel on her cousin's arm, her two footmen bearing her ladyship's great prayer-book behind her, as demurely as that delightful old devotee with her lacquey, in Mr. Hogarth's famous picture of "Morning," and as if my lady Lydia had been accustomed to have a chaplain all her life. She seemed to patronise not only the new chaplain, but the service and the church itself, as if she had never in her own country heard a Ranter in a barn. She made the oldest established families in the country—grave baronets and their wives —worthy squires of twenty descents, who rode over to Castlewood to pay the bride and bridegroom honour—know their distance, as the phrase is, and give her the *pas*. She got an old heraldry book; and a surprising old maiden lady from Winton, learned in politeness and genealogies, from whom she learned the court etiquette (as the old Winton lady had known it in Queen Anne's time), and ere long she jabbered gules and sables, bends and saltires, not with correctness always, but with a wonderful volubility and perseverance. She made little progresses to the neighbouring towns in her gilt coach and six, or to the village in her chair, and asserted a quasi-regal right of homage from her tenants and other clodpoles. She lectured the parson on his divinity; the bailiff on his farming; instructed the astonished housekeeper how to preserve and pickle; would have taught the great London footmen to jump behind the carriage, only it was too high for her little ladyship to mount; gave the village gossips instructions how to nurse and take care of their children long before she had one herself; and as for physick, Madam Esmond in Virginia was not more resolute about her pills and draughts than Miss Lydia, the earl's new bride. Do you remember the story of the Fisherman and the Genie, in the Arabian Nights? So one wondered with regard to this lady, how such a prodigious genius could have been corked down into such a little bottle as her body. When Mr. Warrington returned to London after his first nuptial visit, she brought him a little present for her young friends in Dean Street, as she called them (Theo being older, and Hetty scarce younger than herself), and sent a trinket to one and a book to the other—G. Warrington always vowing that Theo's present was a doll, while Hetty's share was a nursery-book with words of one syllable. As for Mr. Will, her younger brother-in-law, she treated him with a maternal gravity and tenderness, and was in the habit of speaking of and to him with a protecting air, which was infinitely diverting to Warrington, although Will's usual curses and blasphemies were sorely increased by her behaviour.

As for old age, my lady Lydia had little respect for that accident in the life of some gentlemen and gentlewomen; and, once the settle-

ments were made in her behalf, treated the ancient Van den Bosch and his large periwig with no more ceremony than Dinah her black attendant, whose great ears she would pinch, and whose woolly pate she would pull without scruple, upon offence given—so at least Dinah told Gumbo, who told his master. All the household trembled before my lady the countess: the housekeeper, of whom even my lord and the dowager had been in awe; the pampered London footmen, who used to quarrel if they were disturbed at their cards, and grumbled as they swilled the endless beer, now stepped nimbly about their business when they heard her ladyship's call; even old Lockwood, who had been gate-porter for half a century or more, tried to rally his poor old wandering wits when she came into his lodge to open his window, inspect his wood-closet, and turn his old dogs out of doors. Lockwood bared his old bald head before his new mistress, turned an appealing look towards his niece, and vaguely trembled before her little ladyship's authority. Gumbo, dressing his master for dinner, talked about Elisha (of whom he had heard the chaplain read in the morning), "and his bald head and de boys who call um names, and de bars eat em up, and serve um right," says Gumbo. But as for my lady, when discoursing with her cousin about the old porter, "Pooh, pooh! Stupid old man!" says she; "past his work, he and his dirty old dogs! They are as old and ugly as those old fish in the pond!" (Here she pointed to two old monsters of carp that had been in a pond in Castlewood gardens for centuries, according to tradition, and had their backs all covered with a hideous grey mould.) "Lockwood must pack off; the workhouse is the place for him; and I shall have a smart, good-looking, tall fellow in the lodge that will do credit to our livery."

"He was my grandfather's man, and served him in the wars of Queen Anne," interposed Mr. Warrington. On which my lady cried, petulantly, "O Lord! Queen Anne's dead, I suppose, and we ain't a going into mourning for her."

This matter of Lockwood was discussed at the family dinner, when her ladyship announced her intention of getting rid of the old man.

"I am told," demurely remarks Mr. Van den Bosch, "that, by the laws, poor servants and poor folks of all kinds are admirably provided in their old age here in England. I am sure I wish we had such an asylum for our folks at home, and that we were eased of the expense of keeping our old hands."

"If a man can't work he ought to go!" cries her ladyship.

"Yes, indeed, and that's a fact!" says grandpapa.

"What! an old servant?" asks my lord.

"Mr. Van den Bosch possibly was independent of servants when he was young," remarks Mr. Warrington.

"Greased my own boots, opened my own shutters, sanded and watered my own ——"

"Sugar, sir?" says my lord.

"No; floor, son-in-law!" says the old man, with a laugh; "though there is such tricks in grocery-stores, saving your ladyship's presence."

"La, pa! what should *I* know about stores and groceries?" cries her ladyship.

"He! Remember stealing the sugar, and what came on it, my dear ladyship?" says grandpapa.

"At any rate, a handsome well-grown man in our livery will look better than that shrivelled old porter creature!" cries my lady.

"No livery is so becoming as old age, madam, and no lace as handsome as silver hairs," says Mr. Warrington. "What will the county say if you banish old Lockwood?"

"O! if you plead for him, sir, I suppose he must stay. Hadn't I better order a couch for him out of my drawing-room, and send him some of the best wine from the cellar?"

"Indeed your ladyship couldn't do better," Mr. Warrington remarked, very gravely.

And my lord said, yawning, "Cousin George is perfectly right, my dear. To turn away such an old servant as Lockwood would have an ill-look."

"You see those mouldy old carps are, after all, a curiosity, and attract visitors," continues Mr. Warrington, gravely. "Your ladyship must allow this old wretch to remain. It won't be for long. And you may then engage the tall porter. It is very hard on us, Mr. Van den Bosch, that we are obliged to keep our old negroes when they are past work. I shall sell that rascal Gumbo in eight or ten years."

"Don't tink you will, master!" says Gumbo, grinning.

"Hold your tongue, sir! He doesn't know English ways, you see, and perhaps thinks an old servant has a claim on his master's kindness," says Mr. Warrington.

The next day, to Warrington's surprise, my lady absolutely did send a basket of good wine to Lockwood, and a cushion for his arm-chair.

"I thought of what you said, yesterday, at night when I went to bed; and guess you know the world better than I do, cousin; and that it's best to keep the old man, as you say."

And so this affair of the Porter's-lodge ended, Mr. Warrington wondering within himself at this strange little character out of the West, with her *naïveté* and simplicities, and a heartlessness would have done credit to the most battered old dowager who ever turned trumps in St. James's.

"You tell me to respect old people. Why? I don't see nothin' to respect in the old people, I know," she said to Warrington. "They ain't so funny, and I'm sure they ain't so handsome. Look at grandfather; look at Aunt Bernstein. They say she was a beauty once! That picture painted from her! I don't believe it, nohow. No one shall tell me that I shall ever be as bad as that! When they come to that, people oughtn't to live. No, that they oughtn't."

Now, at Christmas, Aunt Bernstein came to pay her nephew and niece a visit, in company with Mr. Warrington. They travelled at

their leisure in the Baroness's own landau; the old lady being in particular good health and spirits, the weather delightfully fresh and not too cold; and, as they approached her paternal home, Aunt Beatrice told her companion a hundred stories regarding it and old days. Though often lethargic, and not seldom, it must be confessed, out of temper, the old lady would light up at times, when her conversation became wonderfully lively, her wit and malice were brilliant, and her memory supplied her with a hundred anecdotes of a bygone age and society. Sure, 'tis hard with respect to Beauty, that its possessor should not have even a life-enjoyment of it, but be compelled to resign it after, at the most, some forty years' lease. As the old woman prattled of her former lovers and admirers (her auditor having much more information regarding her past career than her ladyship knew of), I would look in her face, and, out of the ruins, try to build up in my fancy a notion of her beauty in its prime. What a homily I read there! How the courts were grown with grass, the towers broken, the doors ajar, the fine gilt saloons tarnished, and the tapestries cobwebbed and torn! Yonder dilapidated palace was all alive once with splendour and music, and those dim windows were dazzling and blazing with light! What balls and feasts were once here, what splendour and laughter! I could see lovers in waiting, crowds in admiration, rivals furious. I could imagine twilight assignations, and detect intrigues, though the curtains were close and drawn. I was often minded to say to the old woman as she talked, "Madam, I know the story was not as you tell it, but so and so"—(I had read at home the history of her life, as my dear old grandfather had wrote it): and my fancy wandered about in her, amused and solitary, as I had walked about our father's house at Castlewood, meditating on departed glories, and imagining ancient times.

When Aunt Bernstein came to Castlewood, her relatives there, more I think on account of her own force of character, imperiousness, and sarcastic wit, than from their desire to possess her money, were accustomed to pay her a great deal of respect and deference, which she accepted as her due. She expected the same treatment from the new countess, whom she was prepared to greet with special good humour. The match had been of her making. "As you, you silly creature, would not have the heiress," she said, "I was determined she should not go out of the family," and she laughingly told of many little schemes for bringing the marriage about. She had given the girl a coronet and her nephew a hundred thousand pounds. Of course she should be welcome to both of them. She was delighted with the little Countess's courage and spirit in routing the Dowager and Lady Fanny. Almost always pleased with pretty people on her first introduction to them, Madame Bernstein *raffolé* of her niece Lydia's bright eyes and lovely little figure. The marriage was altogether desirable. The old man was an obstacle, to be sure, and his talk and appearance somewhat too homely. But he will be got rid of. He is old and in delicate

health. "He will want to go to America, or perhaps farther," says the Baroness, with a shrug. As for the child, she had great fire and liveliness, and a Cherokee manner which is not without its charm," said the pleased old Baroness. "Your brother had it—so have you, Master George! *Nous la formerons, cette petite.* Eugene wants character and vigour, but he is a finished gentleman, and between us we shall make the little savage perfectly presentable." In this way we discoursed on the second afternoon as we journeyed towards Castlewood. We lay at the King's Arms at Bagshot the first night, where the Baroness was always received with profound respect, and thence drove post to Hexton, where she had written to have my lord's horses in waiting for her; but these were not forthcoming at the inn, and after a couple of hours we were obliged to proceed with our Bagshot horses to Castlewood.

During this last stage of the journey, I am bound to say the old aunt's testy humour returned, and she scarce spoke a single word for three hours. As for her companion; being prodigiously in love at the time, no doubt he did not press his aunt for conversation, but thought unceasingly about his Dulcinea, until the coach actually reached Castlewood Common, and rolled over the bridge before the house.

The housekeeper was ready to conduct her ladyship to her apartments. My lord and lady were both absent. She did not know what had kept them, the housekeeper said, heading the way.

"Not that door, my lady!" cries the woman, as Madame de Bernstein put her hand upon the door of the room which she had always occupied. "That's her ladyship's room now. This way," and our aunt followed, by no means in increased good humour. I do not envy her maids when their mistress was displeased. But she had cleared her brow before she joined the family, and appeared in the drawing-room before supper time with a countenance of tolerable serenity.

"How d'ye do, Aunt?" was the Countess's salutation. "I declare, now, I was taking a nap when your ladyship arrived! Hope you found your room fixed to your liking!"

Having addressed three brief sentences to the astonished old lady, the Countess now turned to her other guests, and directed her conversation to them. Mr. Warrington was not a little diverted by her behaviour, and by the appearance of surprise and wrath which began to gather over Madame Bernstein's face. "*La petite,*" whom the Baroness proposed to "form," was rather a rebellious subject, apparently, and proposed to take a form of her own. Looking once or twice rather anxiously towards his wife, my lord tried to atone for her pertness towards his aunt by profuse civility on his own part; indeed, when he so wished, no man could be more courteous or pleasing. He found a score of agreeable things to say to Madame Bernstein. He warmly congratulated Mr. Warrington on the glorious news which had come from America, and on his brother's safety. He drank a toast at supper to Captain Warrington. "Our family is distinguishing itself,

cousin," he said; and added, looking with fond significance towards his Countess, "I hope the happiest days are in store for us all."

"Yes, George!" says the little lady. "You'll write and tell Harry that we are all very much pleased with him. This action at Quebec is a most glorious action; and now we have turned the French king out of the country, shouldn't be at all surprised if we set up for ourselves in America."

"My love, you are talking treason!" cries Lord Castlewood.

"I am talking reason, anyhow, my lord. I've no notion of folks being kept down, and treated as children for ever!"

George! Harry! I protest I was almost as much astonished as amused. "When my brother hears that your ladyship is satisfied with his conduct, his happiness will be complete," I said, gravely.

Next day, when talking beside her sofa, where she chose to lie in state, the little countess no longer called her cousin "George," but "Mr. George," as before; on which Mr. George laughingly said she had changed her language since the previous day.

"Guess I did it to tease old Madam Buzwig," says her ladyship. "She wants to treat me as a child, and do the grandmother over me. I don't want no grandmothers, I don't. I'm the head of this house, and I intend to let her know it. And I've brought her all the way from London in order to tell it her, too! La! how she did look when I called you George! I might have called you George—only you had seen that little Theo first, and liked her best, I suppose."

"Yes, I suppose I like her best," says Mr. George.

"Well, I like you because you tell the truth. Because you was the only one of 'em in London who didn't seem to care for my money, though I was downright mad and angry with you once, and with myself too, and with that little sweetheart of yours, who ain't to be compared to me, I know she ain't."

"Don't let us make the comparison, then!" I said, laughing.

"I suppose people must lie on their beds as they make 'em," says she, with a little sigh. "Dare say Miss Theo is very good, and you'll marry her and go to Virginia, and be as dull as we are here. We were talking of Miss Lambert, my lord, and I was wishing my cousin joy. How is old Goody to-day? What a supper she did eat last night and drink!—drink like a dragoon! No wonder she has got a headache, and keeps her room. Guess it takes her ever so long to dress herself."

"You, too, may be feeble when you are old, and require rest and wine to warm you!" says Mr. Warrington.

"Hope I shan't be like *her* when I'm old, anyhow!" says the lady. "Can't see why I am to respect an old woman, because she hobbles on a stick, and has shaky hands, and false teeth!" And the little heathen sank back on her couch, and showed twenty-four pearls of her own.

"Law!" she adds, after gazing at both her hearers through the curled lashes of her brilliant dark eyes. "How frightened you both look! My lord has already given me ever so many sermons about old

Goody. You are both afraid of her: and I ain't, that's all. Don't look so scared at one another! I ain't a-going to bite her head off. We shall have a battle, and I intend to win. How did I serve the Dowager, if you please, and my Lady Fanny, with their high and mighty airs, when they tried to put down the Countess of Castlewood in her own house, and laugh at the poor American girl? We had a fight, and which got the best of it, pray? Me and Goody will have another, and when it is over, you will see that we shall both be perfect friends!"

When at this point of our conversation, the door opened and Madam Beatrix, elaborately dressed according to her wont, actually made her appearance, I, for my part, am not ashamed to own that I felt as great a panic as ever coward experienced. My lord, with his profoundest bows and blandest courtesies, greeted his aunt and led her to the fire, by which my lady (who was already hoping for an heir to Castlewood) lay reclining on her sofa. She did not attempt to rise, but smiled a greeting to her venerable guest. And then, after a brief talk, in which she showed a perfect self-possession, while the two gentlemen blundered and hesitated with the most dastardly tremor, my lord said:

"If we are to look for those pheasants, cousin, we had better go now."

"And I and aunt will have a cozy afternoon. And you will tell me about Castlewood in the old times? Won't you, Baroness?" says the new mistress of the mansion.

O les lâches que les hommes! I was so frightened, that I scarce saw anything, but vaguely felt that Lady Castlewood's dark eyes were following me. My lord gripped my arm in the corridor, we quickened our paces till our retreat became a disgraceful run. We did not breathe freely till we were in the open air in the courtyard, where the keepers and the dogs were waiting.

And what happened? I protest, children, I don't know. But this is certain; if your mother had been a woman of the least spirit, or had known how to scold for five minutes during as many consecutive days of her early married life, there would have been no more humble, henpecked wretch in Christendom than your father. When Parson Blake comes to dinner, don't you see how at a glance from his little wife, he puts his glass down and says, 'No, thank you, Mr. Gumbo,' when old Gum brings him wine? Blake wore a red coat before he took to black, and walked up Breeds Hill with a thousand bullets whistling round his ears, before ever he saw *our* Bunker Hill in Suffolk. And the fire-eater of the 43rd now dare not face a glass of old port wine! 'Tis his wife has subdued his courage. The women can master us, and did they know their own strength, were invincible.

Well, then, what happened I know not on that disgraceful day of panic when your father fled the field, nor dared to see the heroines engage; but when we returned from our shooting, the battle was over. America had revolted, and conquered the mother country.

CHAPTER XXVI.

NEWS FROM CANADA.

UR Castlewood relatives kept us with them till the commencement of the new year, and after a fortnight's absence (which seemed like an age to the absurd and infatuated young man) he returned to the side of his charmer. Madame de Bernstein was not sorry to leave the home of her father. She began to talk more freely as we got away from the place. What passed during that interview in which the battle royal between her and her niece occurred, she never revealed. But the old lady talked no more of forming *cette petite*, and, indeed, when she alluded to her, spoke in a nervous, laughing way, but without any hostility towards the young Countess. Her nephew Eugene, she said, was doomed to be henpecked for the rest of his days: that she saw clearly. A little order brought into the house would do it all the good possible. The little old vulgar American gentleman seemed to be a shrewd person, and would act advantageously as a steward. The Countess's mother was a convict, she had heard, sent out from England, where no doubt she had beaten hemp in most of the gaols; but this news need not be carried to the town-crier; and, after all, in respect to certain kind of people, what mattered what their birth was? The young woman would be honest for her own sake now: was shrewd

enough, and would learn English presently; and the name to which she had a right was great enough to get her into any society. A grocer, a smuggler, a slave-dealer, what mattered Mr. Van den Bosch's pursuit or previous profession? The Countess of Castlewood could afford to be anybody's daughter, and as soon as my nephew produced her, says the old lady, it is our duty to stand by her.

The ties of relationship binding Madame de Bernstein strongly to her nephew, Mr. Warrington hoped that she would be disposed to be equally affectionate to her niece; and spoke of his visit to Mr. Hagan and his wife, for whom he entreated her aunt's favour. But the old lady was obdurate regarding Lady Maria; begged that her name might never be mentioned, and immediately went on for two hours talking about no one else. She related a series of anecdotes regarding her niece, which, as this book lies open *virginibus puerisque* to all the young people of the family, I shall not choose to record. But this I will say of the kind creature, that if she sinned, she was not the only sinner of the family, and if she repented, that others will do well to follow her example. Hagan, 'tis known after he left the stage, led an exemplary life, and was remarkable for elegance and eloquence in the pulpit. His lady adopted extreme views, but was greatly respected in the sect which she joined; and when I saw her last, talked to me of possessing a peculiar spiritual illumination, which I strongly suspected at the time to be occasioned by the too free use of liquor: but I remember when she and her husband were good to me and mine, at a period when sympathy was needful, and many a Pharisee turned away.

I have told how easy it was to rise and fall in my fickle aunt's favour, and how each of us brothers, by turns, was embraced and neglected. My turn of glory had been after the success of my play. I was introduced to the town-wits; held my place in their company tolerably well; was pronounced to be pretty well bred by the Macaronis and people of fashion, and might have run a career amongst them had my purse been long enough; had I chose to follow that life; had I not loved at that time a pair of kind eyes better than the brightest orbs of the Gunnings or Chudleighs, or all the painted beauties of the Ranelagh ring. Because I was fond of your mother, will it be believed, children, that my tastes were said to be low, and deplored by my genteel family? So it was, and I know that my godly Lady Warrington and my worldly Madame Bernstein both laid their elderly heads together and lamented my way of life. "Why with his name, he might marry anybody," says meek Religion, who had ever one eye on heaven and one on the main chance. "I meddle with no man's affairs, and admire genius, says uncle, but it *is* a pity you consort with those poets and authors, and that sort of people, and that, when you might have had a lovely creature, with a hundred thousand pounds, you let her slip and make up to a country-girl without a penny-piece."

"But if I had promised her, uncle?" says I.

"Promise, promise! these things are matters of arrangement and

prudence, and demand a careful look-out. When you first committed yourself with little Miss Lambert, you had not seen the lovely American lady whom your mother wished you to marry, as a good mother naturally would. And your duty to your mother, nephew,—your duty to the Fifth Commandment, would have warranted your breaking with Miss L., and fulfilling your excellent mother's intentions regarding Miss —— What was the Countess's Dutch name? Never mind. A name is nothing; but a plumb, Master George, is something to look at! Why, I have my dear little Miley at a dancing-school with Miss Barwell, nabob Barwell's daughter, and I don't disguise my wish that the children may contract an attachment which may endure through their lives! I tell the nabob so. We went from the House of Commons one dancing-day and saw them. 'Twas beautiful to see the young things walking a minuet together! It brought tears into my eyes, for I have a feeling heart, George, and I love my boy!"

"But if I prefer Miss Lambert, uncle, with two-pence to her fortune, to the Countess, with her hundred thousand pounds?"

"Why then, sir, you have a singular taste, that's all," says the old gentleman, turning on his heel and leaving me. And I could perfectly understand his vexation at my not being able to see the world as he viewed it.

Nor did my Aunt Bernstein much like the engagement which I had made, or the family with which I passed so much of my time. Their simple ways wearied, and perhaps annoyed, the old woman of the world, and she no more relished their company than a certain person (who is not so black as he is painted) likes holy water. The old lady chafed at my for ever dangling at my sweetheart's lap. Having risen mightily in her favour, I began to fall again: and once more Harry was the favourite, and his brother, Heaven knows, not jealous.

He was now our family hero. He wrote us brief letters from the seat of war, where he was engaged, Madame Bernstein caring little at first about the letters or the writer, for they were simple, and the facts he narrated not over interesting. We had early learned in London the news of the action on the glorious first of August at Minden, where Wolfe's old regiment was one of the British six which helped to achieve the victory on that famous day. At the same hour, the young general lay in his bed, in sight of Quebec, stricken down by fever, and perhaps rage and disappointment, at the check which his troops had just received.

Arriving in the Saint Lawrence in June, the fleet which brought Wolfe and his army, had landed them on the last day of the month on the Island of Orleans, opposite which rises the great cliff of Quebec. After the great action in which his general fell, the dear brother who accompanied the chief, wrote home to me one of his simple letters, describing his modest share in that glorious day, but added nothing to the many descriptions already wrote of the action of the 13th of September, save only I remember he wrote, from the testimony of a brother aide-de-camp who was by his side, that the General never

spoke at all after receiving his death-wound, so that the phrase which has been put into the mouth of the dying hero may be considered as no more authentic than an oration of Livy or Thucydides.

From his position on the island, which lies in the great channel of the river to the north of the town, the General was ever hungrily on the look-out for a chance to meet and attack his enemy. Above the city and below it he landed,—now here and now there; he was bent upon attacking wherever he saw an opening. 'Twas surely a prodigious fault on the part of the Marquis of Montcalm, to accept a battle from Wolfe on equal terms, for the British General had no artillery, and when we had made our famous scalade of the heights, and were on the plains of Abraham, we were a little nearer the city, certainly, but as far off as ever from being within it.

The game that was played between the brave chiefs of those two gallant little armies, and which lasted from July until Mr. Wolfe won the crowning hazard in September, must have been as interesting a match as ever eager players engaged in. On the very first night after the landing (as my brother has narrated it) the sport began. At midnight the French sent a flaming squadron of fire-ships down upon the British ships which were discharging their stores at Orleans. Our seamen thought it was good sport to tow the fire-ships clear of the fleet, and ground them on the shore where they burned out.

As soon as the French commander heard that our ships had entered the river, he marched to Beauport in advance of the city and there took up a strong position. When our stores and hospitals were established, our General crossed over from his island to the left shore, and drew nearer to his enemy. He had the ships in the river behind him, but the whole country in face of him was in arms. The Indians in the forest seized our advanced parties as they strove to clear it, and murdered them with horrible tortures. The French were as savage as their Indian friends. The Montmorenci River rushed between Wolfe and the enemy. He could neither attack these nor the city behind them.

Bent on seeing whether there was no other point at which his foe might be assailable; the General passed round the town of Quebec and skirted the left shore beyond. Everywhere it was guarded, as well as in his immediate front, and having run the gauntlet of the batteries up and down the river, he returned to his post at Montmorenci. On the right of the French position, across the Montmorenci River, which was fordable at low tide, was a redoubt of the enemy. He would have that. Perhaps, to defend it, the French chief would be forced out from his lines, and a battle be brought on. Wolfe, determineded to play these odds. He would fetch over the body of his army from the island of Orleans, and attack from the St. Lawrence. He would time his attack, so that, at shallow water, his lieutenants, Murray and Townsend, might cross the Montmorenci, and, at the last day of July, he played this desperate game.

He first, and General Monckton, his second in command (setting out from Point Levi, which he occupied), crossed over the St. Lawrence from their respective stations, being received with a storm of shot and artillery as they rowed to the shore. No sooner were the troops landed than they rushed at the French redoubt without order, were shot down before it in great numbers, and were obliged to fall back. At the pre-concerted signal the troops on the other side of the Montmorenci advanced across the river in perfect order. The enemy even evacuated the redoubt, and fell back to their lines; but from these the assailants were received with so severe a fire that an impression on them was hopeless, and the General had to retreat.

That battle of Montmorenci (which my brother Harry and I have fought again many a time over our wine) formed the dismal burthen of the first despatch from Mr. Wolfe which reached England, and plunged us all in gloom. What more might one expect of a commander so rash? What disasters might one not foretell? Was ever scheme so wild as to bring three great bodies of men, across broad rivers, in the face of murderous batteries, merely on the chance of inducing an enemy strongly intrenched and guarded, to leave his position and come out and engage us? 'Twas the talk of the town. No wonder grave people shook their heads, and prophesied fresh disaster. The General, who took to his bed after this failure, shuddering with fever, was to live barely six weeks longer, and die immortal! How is it, and by what, and whom, that Greatness is achieved? Is Merit—is Madness the patron? Is it Frolic or Fortune? Is it Fate that awards successes and defeats? Is it the Just Cause that ever wins? How did the French gain Canada from the savage, and we from the French, and after which of the conquests was the right time to sing Te Deum? We are always for implicating Heaven in our quarrels, and causing the gods to intervene whatever the *nodus* may be. Does Broughton, after pummeling and beating Slack, lift up a black eye to Jove and thank him for the victory? And if ten thousand boxers are to be so heard, why not one? And if Broughton is to be grateful, what is Slack to be?

"By the list of disabled officers (many of whom are of rank) you may perceive, sir, that the army is much weakened. By the nature of this river the most formidable part of the armament is deprived of the power of acting, yet we have almost the whole force of Canada to oppose. In this situation there is such a choice of difficulties, that I own myself at a loss how to determine. The affairs of Great Britain, I know, require the most vigorous measures; but then the courage of a handful of brave men should be exerted only where there is some hope of a favourable event. The admiral and I have examined the town with a view to a general assault: and he would readily join in this or any other measure for the public service; but I cannot propose to him an undertaking of so dangerous a nature, and promising so little success. . . . . I found myself so ill, and am still so weak, that I begged the general officers to

consult together for the public utility. They are of opinion that they should try by conveying up a corps of 4000 or 5000 men (which is nearly the whole strength of the army, after the points of Levi and Orleans are put in a proper state of defence) to draw the enemy from their present position, and bring them to an action. I have acquiesced in their proposal, and we are preparing to put it into execution."

So wrote the General (of whose noble letters it is clear *our* dear scribe was not the author or secretary) from his head-quarters at Montmorenci Falls on the 2nd day of September: and on the 14th of October following, the Rodney cutter arrived with the sad news in England. The attack had failed, the chief was sick, the army dwindling, the menaced city so strong that assault was almost impossible; "the only chance was to fight the Marquis of Montcalm upon terms of less disadvantage than attacking his intrenchments, and, if possible, to draw him from his present position." Would the French chief, whose great military genius was known in Europe, fall into such a snare? No wonder there were pale looks in the City at the news, and doubt and gloom wheresoever it was known.

Three days after this first melancholy intelligence, came the famous letters announcing that wonderful consummation of Fortune with which Mr. Wolfe's wonderful career ended. If no man is to be styled happy till his death, what shall we say of this one? His end was so glorious, that I protest not even his mother nor his mistress ought to have deplored it, or at any rate have wished him alive again. I know it is a hero we speak of; and yet I vow I scarce know whether in the last act of his life I admire the result of genius, invention, and daring, or the boldness of a gambler winning surprising odds. Suppose his ascent discovered a half-hour sooner, and his people, as they would have been assuredly, beaten back? Suppose the Marquis of Montcalm not to quit his entrenched lines to accept that strange challenge? Suppose these points—and none of them depend upon Mr. Wolfe at all—and what becomes of the glory of the young hero, of the great minister who discovered him, of the intoxicated nation which rose up frantic with self-gratulation at the victory? I say, what fate is it that shapes our ends, or those of nations? In the many hazardous games which my Lord Chatham played, he won this prodigious one. And as the greedy British hand seized the Canadas, it let fall the United States out of its grasp.

To be sure this wisdom *d'après coup* is easy. We wonder at this man's rashness now the deed is done, and marvel at the other's fault. What generals some of us are upon paper! what repartees come to our mind when the talk is finished! and, the game over, how well we see how it should have been played! Writing of an event at a distance of thirty years, 'tis not difficult now to criticise and find fault. But at the time when we first heard of Wolfe's glorious deeds upon the plains of Abraham—of that army marshalled in darkness and carried silently up the midnight river—of those rocks scaled by the intrepid leader and

his troops—of that miraculous security of the enemy, of his present acceptance of our challenge to battle, and of his defeat on the open plain by the sheer valour of his conqueror—we were all intoxicated in England by the news. The whole nation rose up and felt itself the stronger for Wolfe's victory. Not merely all men engaged in the battle, but those at home who had condemned its rashness, felt themselves heroes. Our spirit rose as that of our enemy faltered. Friends embraced each other when they met. Coffee-houses and public places were thronged with people eager to talk the news. Courtiers rushed to the King and the great minister by whose wisdom the campaign had been decreed. When he showed himself, the people followed him with shouts and blessings. People did not deplore the dead warrior, but admired his *euthanasia*. Should James Wolfe's friends weep and wear mourning, because a chariot had come from the skies to fetch him away? Let them watch with wonder, and see him departing, radiant; rising above us superior. To have a friend who had been near or about him was to be distinguished. Every soldier who fought with him was a hero. In our fond little circle I know 'twas a distinction to be Harry's brother. We should not in the least wonder but that he, from his previous knowledge of the place, had found the way up the heights which the British army took, and pointed it out to his General. His promotion would follow as a matter of course. Why, even our uncle Warrington wrote letters to bless Heaven and congratulate me and himself upon the share Harry had had in the glorious achievement. Our Aunt Beatrix opened her house and received company upon the strength of the victory. I became a hero from my likeness to my brother. As for Parson Sampson, he preached such a sermon, that his auditors (some of whom had been warned by his reverence of the coming discourse) were with difficulty restrained from huzzaing the orator, and were mobbed as they left the chapel. "Don't talk to me, madam, about grief," says General Lambert to his wife, who, dear soul, was for allowing herself some small indulgence of her favourite sorrow on the day when Wolfe's remains were gloriously buried at Greenwich. "If our boys could come by such deaths as James's, you know you wouldn't prevent them from being shot, but would scale the Abraham heights to see the thing done! Wouldst thou mind dying in the arms of victory, Charley?" he asks of the little hero from the Chartreux. "That I wouldn't," says the little man; "and the doctor gave us a holiday, too."

Our Harry's promotion was insured after his share in the famous battle, and our aunt announced her intention of purchasing a company for him.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

HAD your father, young folks, possessed the commonest share of prudence, not only would this chapter of his history never have been written, but you yourselves would never have appeared in the world to plague him in a hundred ways: to shout and laugh in the passages when he wants to be quiet at his books; to wake him when he is dozing after dinner, as a healthy country gentleman should: to mislay his spectacles for him, and steal away his newspaper when he wants to read it; to ruin him with tailors' bills, mantua-makers' bills, tutors' bills, as you all of you do: to break his rest of nights when you have the impudence to fall ill, and when he would sleep undisturbed, but that your silly mother will never be quiet for half-an-hour; and when Joan can't sleep, what use, pray, is there in Darby putting on his nightcap? Every trifling ailment that any one of you has had, has scared her so that I protest I have never been tranquil; and, were I not the most long-suffering creature in the world, would have liked to be rid of the whole pack of you. And now, forsooth, that you have grown out of childhood, long petticoats, chicken-pox, small-pox, hooping cough, scarlet fever, and the other delectable accidents of puerile life, what must that unconscionable woman propose but to arrange the south rooms as a nursery for possible grandchildren, and set up the Captain with a wife, and make him marry early because we did! He is too fond, she says, of Brookes's and Goosetree's when he is in London. She has the perversity to hint

that, though an entrée to Carlton House may be very pleasant, 'tis very dangerous for a young gentleman: and she would have Miles live away from temptation, and sow his wild oats, and marry, as we did. Marry! my dear creature, we had no business to marry at all! By the laws of common prudence and duty, I ought to have backed out of my little engagement with Miss Theo (who would have married somebody else), and taken a rich wife. Your Uncle John was a parson and couldn't fight, poor Charley was a boy at school, and your grandfather was too old a man to call me to account with sword and pistol. I repeat there never was a more foolish match in the world than ours, and our relations were perfectly right in being angry with us. What are relations made for, indeed, but to be angry and find fault? When Hester marries, do you mind, Master George, to quarrel with her if she does not take a husband of your selecting. When George has got his living, after being senior wrangler and fellow of his college, Miss Hester, do you toss up your little nose at the young lady he shall fancy. As for you, my little Theo, I can't part with *you*.* You must not quit your old father; for he likes you to play Haydn to him, and peel his walnuts after dinner.

Whilst they had the blessing (forsooth!) of meeting, and billing and cooing every day, the two young people, your parents, went on in a fools' paradise, little heeding the world round about them, and all its tattle and meddling. Rinaldo was as brave a warrior as ever slew Turk, but you know he loved dangling in Armida's garden. Pray, my Lady Armida, what did you mean by flinging your spells over me in youth, so that not glory, not fashion, not gaming-tables, not the society of men of wit in whose way I fell, could keep me long from your apron-strings, or out of reach of your dear simple prattle? Pray, my dear, what used we to say to each other during those endless hours of meeting? I never went to sleep after dinner then. Which of us was so witty? Was it I or you? And how came it our conversations were so delightful? I remember that year I did not even care to go and see my Lord Ferrers tried and hung, when all the world was running after his lordship. The King of Prussia's capital was taken; had the Austrians and Russians been encamped round the Tower there could scarce have been more stir in London: yet Miss Theo and her young gentleman felt no inordinate emotion of pity or indignation. What to us was the fate of Leipzig or Berlin? The truth is, that dear old house in Dean Street was an enchanted garden of delights. I have been as idle since, but never as happy. Shall we order the post-chaise, my dear, leave the children to keep house; and drive up to London

* On the blank leaf opposite this paragraph is written, in a large, girlish hand:
"I never intend to go.—THEODOSIA.
"Nor I.—HESTER."
They both married, as I see by the note in the family Bible, Miss Theodosia Warrington to Joseph Clinton, son of the Rev. Joseph Blake, and himself subsequently Master of Rodwell Regis Grammar School; and Miss Hester Mary, in 1804, to Captain F. Handyman, R.N.—ED.

and see if the old lodgings are still to be let? And you shall sit at your old place in the window, and wave a little handkerchief as I walk up the street. Say what we did was imprudent. Would we not do it over again? My good folks, if Venus had walked into the room and challenged the apple, I was so infatuated, I would have given it your mother. And had she had the choice, she would have preferred her humble servant in a threadbare coat to my Lord Clive with all his diamonds.

Once, to be sure, and for a brief time in that year, I had a notion of going on the highway in order to be caught and hung as my Lord Ferrers; or of joining the King of Prussia, and requesting some of his Majesty's enemies to knock my brains out; or of enlisting for the India service, and performing some desperate exploit which should end in my bodily destruction. Ah, me! that was indeed a dreadful time! Your mother scarce dares speak of it now, save in a whisper of terror; or think of it—it was such cruel pain. She was unhappy years after on the anniversary of the day, until one of you was born on it. Suppose we had been parted: what had come to us? What had my lot been without her? As I think of that possibility, the whole world is a blank. I do not say were we parted now. It has pleased God to give us thirty years of union. We have reached the autumn season. Our successors are appointed and ready; and that one of us who is first called away, knows the survivor will follow ere long. But we were actually parted in our youth; and I tremble to think what *might* have been, had not a dearest friend brought us together.

Unknown to myself, and very likely meaning only my advantage, my relatives in England had chosen to write to Madam Esmond in Virginia, and represent what they were pleased to call the folly of the engagement I had contracted. Every one of them sang the same song: and I saw the letters, and burned the whole cursed pack of them years afterwards when my mother showed them to me at home in Virginia. Aunt Bernstein was forward with her advice. A young person, with no wonderful good looks, of no family, with no money;—was ever such an imprudent connection, and ought it not for dear George's sake to be broken off? She had several eligible matches in view for me. With my name and prospects, 'twas a shame I should throw myself away on this young lady; her sister ought to interpose—and so forth.

My Lady Warrington must write, too, and in her peculiar manner. Her ladyship's letter was garnished with scripture texts. She dressed her worldliness out in phylacteries. She pointed out how I was living in an unworthy society of player-folks, and the like people, who she could not say were absolutely without religion (Heaven forbid!), but who were deplorably worldly. She would not say an artful woman had *inveigled me for her daughter*, having in vain tried to captivate my younger brother. She was far from saying any harm of the young woman I had selected; but at least this was certain, Miss L. had

no fortune or expectations, and her parents might naturally be anxious to compromise me. She had taken counsel, &c., &c. She had sought for guidance where it was &c. Feeling what her *duty* was, she had determined to speak. Sir Miles, a man of excellent judgment in the affairs of this world (though he knew and sought a better), fully agreed with her in opinion, nay, desired her to write, and entreat her sister to interfere, that the ill-advised match should not take place.

And who besides must put a little finger into the pie but the new Countess of Castlewood? She wrote a majestic letter to Madam Esmond, and stated, that having been placed by Providence at the head of the Esmond family, it was her duty to communicate with her kinswoman, and warn her to break off this marriage. I believe the three women laid their heads together previously; and, packet after packet, sent off their warnings to the Virginian lady.

One raw April morning, as Corydon goes to pay his usual duty to Phillis, he finds, not his charmer with her dear smile as usual ready to welcome him, but Mrs. Lambert, with very red eyes, and the General as pale as death. "Read this, George Warrington!" says he, as his wife's head drops between her hands; and he puts a letter before me, of which I recognised the handwriting. I can hear now the sobs of the good Aunt Lambert, and to this day the noise of fire-irons stirring a fire in a room overhead gives me a tremor. I heard such a noise that day in the girls' room where the sisters were together. Poor gentle child! Poor Theo!

"What can I do after this, George, my poor boy?" asks the General, pacing the room with desperation in his face.

I did not quite read the whole of Madam Esmond's letter, for a kind of sickness and faintness came over me; but I fear I could say some of it now by heart. Its style was good, and its actual words temperate enough, though they only implied that Mr. and Mrs. Lambert had inveigled me into the marriage; that they knew such an union was unworthy of me; that (as Madam E. understood) they had desired a similar union for her younger son, which project, not unluckily for him, perhaps, was given up when it was found that Mr. Henry Warrington was not the inheritor of the Virginian property. If Mr. Lambert was a man of spirit and honour, as he was represented to be, Madam Esmond scarcely supposed that, after her representations, he would persist in desiring this match. She would not lay commands upon her son, whose temper she knew; but for the sake of Miss Lambert's own reputation and comfort, she urged that the dissolution of the engagement should come from *her* family, and not from the just unwillingness of Rachel Esmond Warrington of Virginia.

"God help us, George!" the General said, "and give us all strength to bear this grief, and these charges which it has pleased your mother to bring! They are hard, but they don't matter now. What is of most importance, is to spare as much sorrow as we can to my poor girl. I know you love her so well, that you will help me and her mother to

make the blow as tolerable as we may to that poor gentle heart. Since she was born she has never given pain to a soul alive, and 'tis cruel that she should be made to suffer." And as he spoke he passed his hand across his dry eyes.

"It was my fault, Martin! It was my fault!" weeps the poor mother.

"Your mother spoke us fair, and gave her promise," said the father.

"And do you think I will withdraw mine?" cried I; and protested, with a thousand frantic vows, what they knew full well, "that I was bound to Theo before Heaven, and that nothing should part me from her."

"She herself will demand the parting. She is a good girl, God help me! and a dutiful. She will not have her father and mother called schemers, and treated with scorn. Your mother knew not, very likely, what she was doing, but 'tis done. You may see the child, and she will tell you as much. Is Theo dressed, Molly? I brought the letter home from my office last evening after you were gone. The women have had a bad night. She knew at once by my face that there was bad news from America. She read the letter quite firmly. She said she would like to see you and say Good-bye. Of course, George, you will give me your word of honour not to try and see her afterwards. As soon as my business will let me we will get away from this, but mother and I think we are best all together. 'Tis you, perhaps, had best go. But give me your word, at any rate, that you will not try and see her. We must spare her pain, sir! We must spare her pain!" And the good man sate down in such deep anguish himself that I, who was not yet under the full pressure of my own grief, actually felt his, and pitied it. It could not be that the dear lips I had kissed yesterday were to speak to me only once more. We were all here together; loving each other, sitting in the room where we met every day; my drawing on the table by her little work-box; she was in the chamber up-stairs; she must come down presently.

Who is this opens the door? I see her sweet face. It was like our little Mary's when we thought she would die of the fever. There was even a smile upon her lips. She comes up and kisses me. "Good-bye, dear George!" she says. Great Heaven! An old man sitting in this room,—with my wife's work-box opposite, and she but five minutes away, my eyes grow so dim and full that I can't see the book before me. I am three-and-twenty years old again. I go through every stage of that agony. I once had it sitting in my own post-chaise, with my wife actually by my side. Who dared to sully her sweet love with suspicion? Who had a right to stab such a soft bosom? Don't you see my ladies getting their knives ready, and the poor child baring it? My wife comes in. She has been serving out tea or tobacco to some of her pensioners. "What is it makes you look so angry, papa?" she says. "My love!" I say, "it is the thirteenth of April." A pang of pain shoots across her face, followed by a tender smile. She has undergone

the martyrdom, and in the midst of the pang comes a halo of forgiveness. I can't forgive; not until my days of dotage come, and I cease remembering anything. "Hal will be home for Easter; he will bring two or three of his friends with him from Cambridge," she says. And straightway she falls to devising schemes for amusing the boys. When is she ever occupied, but with plans for making others happy?

A gentleman sitting in spectacles before an old ledger, and writing down pitiful remembrances of his own condition, is a quaint and ridiculous object. My corns hurt me, I know, but I suspect my neighbour's shoes pinch him too. I am not going to howl much over my own grief, or enlarge at any great length on this one. Many another man, I dare say, has had the light of his day suddenly put out, the joy of his life extinguished, and has been left to darkness and vague torture. I have a book I tried to read at this time of grief—Howel's Letters—and when I come to the part about Prince Charles in Spain, up starts the whole tragedy alive again. I went to Brighthelmstone, and there, at the inn, had a room facing the east, and saw the sun get up ever so many mornings, after blank nights of wakefulness, and smoked my pipe of Virginia in his face. When I am in that place by chance, and see the sun rising now, I shake my fist at him, thinking, O orient Phœbus, what horrible grief and savage wrath have you not seen me suffer! Though my wife is mine ever so long, I say I am angry just the same. Who dared, I want to know, to make us suffer so? I was forbidden to see her. I kept my promise, and remained away from the house: that is, after that horrible meeting and parting. But at night I would go and look at her window, and watch the lamp burning there; I would go to the Chartreux (where I knew another boy), and call for her brother, and gorge him with cakes and half-crowns. I would meanly have her elder brother to dine, and almost kiss him when he went away. I used to breakfast at a coffee-house in Whitehall, in order to see Lambert go to his office; and we would salute each other sadly, and pass on without speaking. Why did not the women come out? They never did. They were practising on her, and persuading her to try and forget me. O, the weary, weary days! O, the maddening time! At last a doctor's chariot used to draw up before the General's house every day. Was she ill? I fear I was rather glad she was ill. My own suffering was so infernal, that I greedily wanted her to share my pain. And would she not? What grief of mine has it not felt, that gentlest and most compassionate of hearts? What pain would it not suffer to spare mine a pang?

I sought that Doctor out. I had an interview with him. I told my story, and laid bare my heart to him, with an outburst of passionate sincerity, which won his sympathy. My confession enabled him to understand his young patient's malady; for which his drugs had no remedy or anodyne. I had promised not to see her, or to go her: I had kept my promise. I had promised to leave London: I had gone

away. Twice, thrice I went back and told my sufferings to him. He would take my fee now and again, and always receive me kindly, and let me speak. Ah, how I clung to him! I suspect he must have been unhappy once in his own life, he knew so well and gently how to succour the miserable.

He did not tell me how dangerously, though he did not disguise from me how gravely and seriously, my dearest girl had been ill. I told him everything—that I would marry her, and brave every chance and danger; that, without her, I was a man utterly wrecked and ruined, and cared not what became of me. My mother had once consented, and had now chosen to withdraw her consent, when the tie between us had been, as I held, drawn so closely together, as to be paramount to all filial duty.

"I think, sir, if your mother heard you, and saw Miss Lambert, she would relent," said the Doctor. Who was my mother to hold me in bondage; to claim a right of misery over me; and to take this angel out of my arms?

"He could not," he said, "be a message-carrier between young ladies who were pining and young lovers on whom the sweetheart's gates were shut: but so much he would venture to say that he had seen me, and was prescribing for me, too." Yes, he *must* have been unhappy once, himself. I saw him, you may be sure, on the very day when he had kept his promise to me. He said she seemed to be comforted by hearing news of me.

"She bears her suffering with an angelical sweetness. I prescribe Jesuit's bark which she takes; but I am not sure the hearing of you has not done more good than the medicine." The women owned afterwards that they had never told the General of the Doctor's new patient.

I know not what wild expressions of gratitude I poured out to the good doctor for the comfort he brought me. His treatment was curing two unhappy sick persons. 'Twas but a drop of water, to be sure; but then a drop of water to a man raging in torment. I loved the ground he trod upon, blessed the hand that took mine, and had felt *her* pulse. I had a ring with a pretty cameo head of a Hercules on it. 'Twas too small for his finger, nor did the good old man wear such ornaments. I made him hang it to his watch-chain, in hopes that she might see it, and recognise that the token came from me. How I fastened upon Spencer at this time (my friend of the Temple who also had an unfortunate love-match), and walked with him from my apartments to the Temple, and he back with me to Bedford Gardens, and our talk was for ever about our women! I daresay I told everybody my grief. My good landlady and Betty the housemaid pitied me. My son Miles, who, for a wonder, has been reading in my MS. says, "By Jove, sir, I didn't know you and my mother were took in this kind of way. The year I joined, I was hit very bad myself. An infernal little jilt that threw me over for Sir Craven Oaks of our regiment. I

thought I should have gone crazy." And he gives a melancholy whistle, and walks away.

The General had to leave London presently on one of his military inspections, as the doctor casually told me; but, having given my word that I would not seek to present myself at his house, I kept it, availing myself, however, as you may be sure, of the good physician's leave to visit him, and have news of his dear patient. His accounts of her were far from encouraging. "She does not rally," he said. "We must get her back to Kent again, or to the sea." I did not know then that the poor child had begged and prayed so piteously not to be moved, that her parents, divining, perhaps, the reason of her desire to linger in London, and feeling that it might be dangerous not to humour her, had yielded to her entreaty, and consented to remain in town.

At last one morning I came, pretty much as usual, and took my place in my doctor's front-parlour, whence his patients were called in their turn to his consulting-room. Here I remained, looking heedlessly over the books on the table and taking no notice of any person in the room, which speedily emptied itself of all, save me and one lady who sate with her veil down. I used to stay till the last, for Osborn, the doctor's man, knew my business, and that it was not my own illness I came for.

When the room was empty of all save me and the lady, she puts out two little hands, cries in a voice which made me start, "Don't you know me, George?" And the next minute I have my arms round her, and kissed her as heartily as ever I kissed in my life, and gave way to a passionate outgush of emotion the most refreshing, for my parched soul had been in rage and torture for six weeks past, and this was a glimpse of heaven.

Who was it, children? You think it was your mother whom the doctor had brought to me? No. It was Hetty.

IMPORTANT FAMILY MEDICINE.

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS,

THE

MOST CERTAIN PRESERVER OF HEALTH,

A MILD, YET SPEEDY, SAFE, AND

EFFECTUAL AID IN CASES OF INDIGESTION,

AND ALL STOMACH COMPLAINTS,

AND, AS A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE,

A PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD, AND A SWEETENER OF THE WHOLE SYSTEM.

INDIGESTION is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter, for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain, that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by old age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations: amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or feeling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, pains in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels: in some cases of depraved digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated that they require some time to calm and collect themselves; yet for all this the mind is exhilarated without much difficulty; pleasing events, society will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptons are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but, be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems,—nothing can more speedily or with more certainty effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers*. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste, and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers, and which must be taken with it into the

stomach. It requires a quarter of a pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluble portion of one drachm of Camomile Flowers; and, when one or even two ounces may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herd in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is, that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water, which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water, merely for the purpose of conveying into it a small quantity of medicine must be injurious; and that the medicine must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the water. Generally speaking, this has been the case with Camomile Flowers, a herb possessing the highest restorative qualities, and when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer, and the most certain preserver of health.

These PILLS are wholly CAMOMILE, prepared by a peculiar process, accidentally discovered, and known only to the proprietor, and which he firmly believes to be one of the most valuable modern discoveries in medicine, by which all the essential and extractive matter of more than an ounce of the flowers is concentrated in four moderate sized pills. Experience has afforded the most ample proof that they possess all the fine aromatic and stomachic properties for which the herb has been esteemed; and, as they are taken into the stomach unencumbered by any diluting or indigestible substance, in the same degree has their benefit been more immediate and decided. Mild in their operation and pleasant in their effect, they may be taken at any age, and under any circumstance, without danger or inconvenience. A person exposed to cold and wet a whole day or night could not possibly receive any injury from taking them, but on the contrary, they would effectually prevent a cold being taken. After a long acquaintance with and strict observance of the medicinal properties of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, it is only doing them justice to say, that they are really the most valuable of all TONIC MEDICINES. By the word tonic is meant a medicine which gives strength to the stomach sufficient to digest in proper quantities all wholesome food, which increases the power of every nerve and muscle of the human body, or, in other words, invigorates the nervous and muscular systems. The solidity or firmness of the whole tissue of the body which so quickly follows the use of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, their certain and speedy effects in repairing the partial dilapidations from time or intemperance, and their lasting salutary influence on the whole frame, is most convincing, that in the smallest compass is contained the largest quantity of the tonic principle, of so peculiar a nature as to pervade the whole system, through which it diffuses health and strength sufficient to resist the formation of disease, and also to fortify the constitution against contagion; as such, their general use is strongly recommended as a preventative during the prevalence or malignant fever or other infectious diseases, and to persons attending sick rooms they are invaluable as in no one instance have they ever failed in preventing the taking of illness, even under the most trying circumstances.

As *Norton's Camomile Pills* are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet, though after all that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volume upon volume, after the country has, as it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet, as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more, did we not feel it our duty to make the humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomes, and are governed by the opinions of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body and weak in mind. There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid: we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste, were by nature intended for our food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native production: if they are pure and unadulterated, no harm need be dreaded by their

use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed; this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetables, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intended for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never forget that a small meal well digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time, or ever so often committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by taking a dose of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, which will so promptly assist in carrying off the burden thus imposed upon it that all will soon be right again.

It is most certainly true that every person in his lifetime consumes a quantity of noxious matter, which if taken at one meal would be fatal: it is these small quantities of noxious matter, which are introduced into our food, either by accident or wilful adulteration, which we find so often upset the stomach, and not unfrequently lay the foundation of illness, and perhaps final ruination to health. To preserve the constitution, it should be our constant care, if possible, to counteract the effect of these small quantities of unwholesome matter; and whenever, in that way, an enemy to the constitution finds its way into the stomach, a friend should be immediately sent after it, which would prevent its mischievous effects, and expel it altogether; no better friend can be found, nor one which will perform the task with greater certainty than NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS. And let it be observed that the longer this medicine is taken the less it will be wanted; it can in no case become habitual, as its entire action is to give energy and force to the stomach, which is the spring of life, the source from which the whole frame draws its succour and support. After an excess of eating or drinking, and upon every occasion of the general health being at all disturbed, these PILLS should be immediately taken, as they will stop and eradicate disease at its commencement. Indeed, it is most confidently asserted, that by the timely use of this medicine only, and a common degree of caution, any person may enjoy all the comforts within his reach, may pass through life without an illness, and with the certainty of attaining a healthy OLD AGE.

On account of their volatile properties, they must be kept in bottles; and if closely corked their qualities are neither impaired by time nor injured by any change of climate whatever. Price 13½d. and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions. The large bottle contains the quantity of three small ones, or PILLS equal to fourteen ounces of CAMOMILE FLOWERS.

Sold by nearly all respectable Medicine Vendors.

Be particular to ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION!!!

GODFREY'S

EXTRACT OF ELDER FLOWERS

Is strongly recommended for Softening, Improving, Beautifying and Preserving the SKIN, and giving it a blooming and charming appearance. It will completely remove Tan, Sunburn, Redness, &c., and by its Balsamic and Healing qualities render the skin soft, pliable, and free from dryness, &c., clear it from every humour, pimple, or eruption; and by continuing its use only a short time, the skin will become and continue soft and smooth, and the complexion perfectly clear and beautiful.

Sold in Bottles, price 2s. 9d., by all Medicine Vendors and Perfumers.

FOR GOUT, RHEUMATISM AND RHEUMATIC GOUT.

SIMCO'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS

are a certain and safe remedy. They restore tranquillity to the nerves, give tone to the stomach, and strength to the whole system. No other medicine can be compared to these excellent Pills, as they prevent the disorder from attacking the stomach or head, and have restored thousands from pain and misery to health and comfort.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors, at 1s. 1½d. or 2s. 9d. per box.

INFLUENZA, COUGHS, AND COLDS.

SIMCO'S ESSENCE OF LINSEED

is the most efficacious remedy ever discovered for the relief of persons suffering from Influenza; the first two doses generally arrest the progress of this distressing complaint, and a little perseverance completely removes it. Children's Coughs, as well as recent ones in Adults, will be removed by a few doses (frequently by the first); and Asthmatic persons, who previously had not been able to lie down in bed, have received the utmost benefit from the use of

SIMCO'S ESSENCE OF LINSEED.

Sold in Bottles at 1*s.* 1½*d.*, and 2*s.* 9*d.* each.

MAPPIN'S CUTLERY & ELECTRO-SILVER PLATE.

MESSRS. MAPPIN BROTHERS,

MANUFACTURERS BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO THE QUEEN,

Are the only Sheffield makers who supply the consumer direct in London. Their London Show-Rooms, 67 and 68, King William Street, London Bridge, contain by far the largest stock of Cutlery and Electro-Silver Plate in the world, which is transmitted direct from their manufactory, Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

ELECTRO-SILVER SPOONS & FORKS,

FULL SIZE.

	Fiddle Pattern. £ s. d.	Double Thread. £ s. d.	King's Pattern. £ s. d.	Lily Pattern. £ s. d.
12 Table Forks, best quality	1 16 0	2 14 0	3 0 0	3 12 0
12 Table Spoons do.	1 16 0	2 14 0	3 0 0	3 12 0
12 Dessert Forks do.	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 14 0
12 Dessert Spoons do.	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 14 0
12 Tea Spoons do.	0 16 0	1 4 0	1 7 0	1 16 0
2 Sauce Ladles do.	0 8 0	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 13 0
1 Gravy Spoon do.	0 7 0	0 10 6	0 11 0	0 13 0
4 Salt Spoons (gilt bowls)	0 6 8	0 10 0	0 12 0	0 14 0
1 Mustard Spoon do.	0 1 8	0 2 6	0 3 0	0 3 6
1 Pair Sugar Tongs do.	0 3 6	0 5 6	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Pair Fish Carvers do.	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 14 0	1 18 0
1 Butter Knife do.	0 3 0	0 5 0	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Soup Ladle do.	0 12 0	0 16 0	0 17 6	1 0 0
6 Egg Spoons (gilt) do.	0 10 0	0 15 0	0 18 0	1 1 0
Complete Service .	£10 13 10	15 16 6	17 13 6	21 4 6

Any article can be had separately at the same prices.

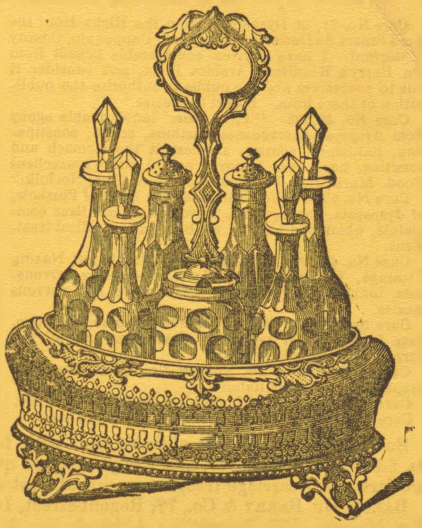
One set of 4 Corner Dishes (forming 8 Dishes), £8 8s.; One Set of 4 Dish Covers—viz., one 20-inch, one 18-inch, and two 14-inch—£10 10s.; Cruet Frame, 4 Glass, 24s.; Full-size Tea and Coffee Service, £9 10s. A Costly Book of Engravings, with Prices attached, may be had on application.

	Ordinary Quality. £ s. d.	Medium Quality. £ s. d.	Best Quality. £ s. d.
Two Dozen Full-Size Table Knives, Ivory Handles . .	2 4 0	3 6 0	4 12 0
1½ Doz. Full-Size Cheese ditto .	1 4 0	1 14 6	2 11 0
One Pair Regular Meat Carvers .	0 7 6	0 11 0	0 15 6
One Pair Extra-Sized ditto . .	0 8 6	0 12 0	0 16 6
One Pair Poultry Carvers . .	0 7 6	0 11 0	0 15 6
One Steel for Sharpening . .	0 3 0	0 4 0	0 6 0
Complete Service .	£4 16 0	6 18 6	9 16 6

Messrs. Mappin's Table Knives still maintain their unrivalled superiority; all their blades being their own Sheffield manufacture, are of the very first quality, with secure Ivory Handles, which do not come loose in hot water; and the difference in price is occasioned solely by the superior quality and thickness of the Ivory Handles.

MAPPIN BROTHERS, 67 and 68, King William-street, City, London; Manufactory, Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

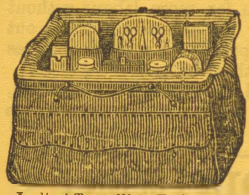
MAPPIN'S POCKET KNIVES, PRUNING-KNIVES, SCISSORS, &c.,
In every variety, warranted good by the Makers.



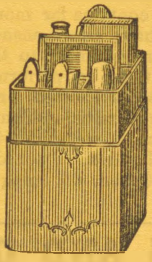
MESSRS. MAPPIN'S

DRESSING CASES AND TRAVELLING BAGS,

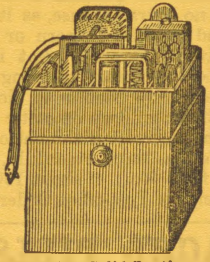
SENT DIRECT FROM THEIR MANUFACTORY.



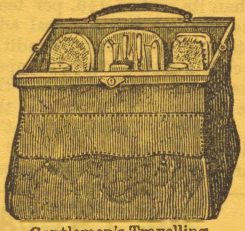
Ladies' Travelling Toilette and Dressing-Bag, fitted complete, £4 15s.



Mappin's Gentlemen's Dressing-Case, fitted complete, £1 1s.



Mappin's Solid Leather Dressing-Case, fitted complete, £2 2s.



Gentlemen's Travelling Dressing-Bag, fitted complete, £4 8s.

Messrs. MAPPIN BROTHERS respectfully invite buyers to inspect their unprecedented display, which, for beauty of design, exquisite workmanship, and novelty, stands unrivalled. Their Illustrated Catalogue, which is continually receiving additions of new designs, will be forwarded post free on application.

MAPPIN BROTHERS,

Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield; and 67, King William Street, London,

WHERE THE STOCK IS SENT DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTORY.

50,000 CURES

Have been effected without medicine, inconvenience, or expense, of Indigestion (dyspepsia), constipation, flatulency, phlegm, nervousness, biliousness, liver complaints, hysteria, neuralgia, sleeplessness, acidity, palpitation, heartburn, eruptions, impurities, irritability, low spirits, diarrhœa, dysentery, hemorrhoids, headache, noises in the head and ears, debility, despondency, cramps, spasms, nausea and sickness (during pregnancy or at sea), sinking fits, cough, asthma, bronchitis, consumption, also Children's complaints, are effectually removed by

DU BARRY'S DELICIOUS HEALTH-RESTORING REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD,

Which saves 50 times its cost in other remedies and restores the faculty of digestion, and nervous and muscular energy to the most enfeebled.

We extract a few out of the many thousand expressions of gratitude from invalids thus cured:

Cure No. 71, of Dyspepsia, from the Right Hon. the Lord Stuart de Decies. "Dromana, Cappoquin, County Waterford. I have derived considerable benefit from Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica Food, and consider it due to yourselves and the public to authorise the publication of these lines. Stuart de Decies."

Cure No. 49,832. "Fifty years' indescribable agony from dyspepsia, nervousness, asthma, cough, constipation, flatulency, spasms, sickness at the stomach and vomiting, have been removed by Du Barry's excellent Food. Maria Joly, Wortham Ling, near Diss, Norfolk."

Cure No. 53,816, Field Marshall the Duke of Pluskow, of dyspepsia, constipation, nervousness, and liver complaints, which had resisted all baths and medical treatment.

Cure No. 47,121. Miss Elizabeth Jacobs, of Nazing Vicarage, Waltham Cross, Herts, of extreme nervousness, indigestion, gatherings, low spirits, and nervous fancies.

Cure No. 48,314. Miss Elizabeth Yeoman, Gateacre, near Liverpool, of ten years' dyspepsia, and all the horrors of nervous irritability.

Cure No. 18,216. Dr. Andrew Ure, of constipation, dyspepsia, nervous irritability.

Cure No. 34,210. Dr. Shorland, of dropsy and debility.

Cure No. 36,212. Captain Allan, of epileptic fits.

Cure No. 42,116. Major Edie, of liver and kidney disease, and total prostration of strength.

Cure No. 36,418. Rev. Dr. Minster, of cramps, spasms, and daily vomitings.

Cure No. 26,418. Dr. Harvey, of diarrhœa and debility.

Cure No. 39,628. Dr. Wurtzer, of consumption.

Cure No. 32,880. William Hunt, Esq., Barrister, of paralysis.

Cure No. 46,270. Mr. James Roberts, Timber Merchant, of Frimley, of thirty years' diseased lungs, spitting of blood, liver derangement, partial deafness.

Cure No. 180. "Twenty-five years' nervousness, constipation, indigestion, and debility, from which I have suffered great misery, and which no medicine could remove or relieve, have been effectually cured by Du Barry's Food in a very short time. W. B. Reeves, 181, Fleet-street, London."

Cure No. 4,208. "Eight years' dyspepsia, nervousness, debility, with cramps, spasms, and nausea, have been effectually cured by Du Barry's health-restoring Food. Rev. John W. Flavell, Ridlington Rectory, Norfolk."

Cure No. 3,906. "Thirteen years' cough, indigestion, and general debility, have been removed by Du Barry's excellent Food. James Porter, Athol-street, Perth."

Suitably packed for all climates, and with full instructions. In canisters, 1 lb. 2s. 9d.; 2 lb 4s. 6d.: 5 lb. 11s.; 12 lb. 22s.; Super-refined quality, 10 lb. 33s. The 10 lb. and 12 lb. Canisters are forwarded carriage free, on receipt of Post office order.

Barry Du Barry & Co., 77, Regent-street, London; Fortnum, Mason, and Co., Purveyors to Her Majesty, 182, Piccadilly; Abbis & Co., 60, Gracechurch-street, 63 and 150, Oxford-street; 330, Strand; and through all Grocers and Chemists in town and Country.

RAREY'S HORSE AND CATTLE IMPROVING FOOD.

Is equally adapted to improve the stamina of ill-conditioned Horses, Cows, Bullocks, Calves, Sheep, and Pigs. It causes no extra expense, as it contains far more and better nourishment than its cost of 1½d. per feed supplies in corn or hay; hence ensures an actual saving in the keep. But its principal advantages are a great improvement in the digestive functions, the stamina and general condition of horses, enabling them to perform far more labour without getting distressed. It imparts new vigour to sick, debilitated, or old apparently worn out horses, and it puts rapidly the finest flesh on cattle generally, and improves the milk in cows, as it enables them to extract the entire nourishment out of everything they feed on.

Rarey & Co., 77, Regent's Quadrant, Piccadilly, London. Packed in Tins of about 90 feed, 11s.; in Casks of about 450 feed. 50s.; of about 1000 feed, £5, being about 1¼d. per feed. Tins and Casks forwarded on receipt of Post-office Order.

DR. PALLACE'S PILLS AND OINTMENT

Are prepared upon scientific principles without mercury, to prevent the danger and injury resulting from quack preparations; they purify, regulate, and strengthen the system, and cure effectually dyspepsia (bad digestion), bile, flatulency, constipation, liver and stomach complaints, and all internal disorders; and the OINTMENT heals sores, wounds, ulcers, boils, burns, carbuncles, chaps, pimples, diseases of the scalp, &c. Both Pills and Ointment are carefully packed for all climates, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.; or free by post on receipt of stamps, 1s. 4d., 3s. 1d., or 4s. 10d.

London Agents, Hannay, 63, Oxford-street; Sanger, 150, Oxford-street, and may be ordered through all Medicine vendors.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.